

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

Vol. 21, No. 12

{ Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors
Office: 20 Adelaide Street West }

TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 4, 1908

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. }

Whole No. 1049

THE FRONT PAGE

WHEN a boy in a crowded city throws a stone he never can tell whether he is going to be applauded for making a good shot or fined for breaking a window. It is pretty much the same in journalism. J. A. Macdonald, editor of The Globe, has done something that will either make him or break him as a journalist—he has done a thing that will either send him back vehement and complaining to the pulpit, or will give him a weight such as he has not yet had with The Globe and in public affairs. He has driven his journal up a lane and he will either have to back out of it, or his political party will have to back out the other end.

Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, as a candidate for the mayoralty of Toronto, was pursuing his whirlwind way in the direction of the winning post, when The Globe attacked him in an unexpected manner. It assailed him on the score of his personal habits. It published with circumstantial detail and conspicuous display a story of an escapade of his in the city of Stratford eighteen months ago—when, as he alleged, he went on a spree, cut up rough, and had a wale of a time. The candidate at once issued a writ for libel, but the newspaper repeated its charges and published statements from persons in Stratford in support of its accusations.

Yet, as a matter of actual fact, the people of Toronto have begun to discuss, not so much what Dr. Nesbitt had done in Stratford, as what J. A. Macdonald had done on the first page of The Globe.

Everywhere people fell to debating the propriety of this form of newspaper attack. Was it in the public interest? Was it fair? Was it good policy? To what extent must a man be a sinner to make an attack along these lines justifiable? Such were the questions hotly debated in nearly every office and home in the city during the last two days of 1907.

And 1908 begins with the same question in all men's minds, and with a provincial election due and a Dominion election probable within the twelvemonth. In saying that his action in this case will either make or break the present editor of The Globe, my meaning is that if he can maintain in his newspaper the same attitude towards candidates for public office in general that he has taken towards Dr. Nesbitt, in particular, he will make good and become a new and unparalleled influence in politics. If he cannot maintain that position, but discards and abandons it when it has served its present purpose, it seems probable that he will place himself, his journal and his party in a position so exposed and defenceless that to continue in it will be impossible.

PERHAPS a high conception of duty would impel a public journal to set a standard of morals and of personal habits to which all candidates for public office must conform or meet with that journal's condemnation. A journal bent on purifying public life might set itself such a task as that, unpleasant as it would be, and difficult as it is for one man to truly know and rightly judge the character and private life of his fellows. But if a journal begins that kind of thing and, professing a sincere devotion to the cause of decency, scarifies one man whom it regards as a sinner, it can scarcely keep silent in regard to other similar offenders who seek public office—or even if it be willing to keep quiet concerning sinners within its own political camp, it cannot force hostile journals to maintain this silence. It can, indeed, raise no objection if its own methods, and even its own words, are employed against members of its own political household.

It is unfortunate that men are as they are. It is regrettable that so many politicians have so many imperfections. Perhaps the hour has struck for a reformation, and it may be that the time has come when the newspapers and all the other voices of public opinion will cry out against the election to any office of any man in either party whose private life is not an open book, while stones will be cast in showers at the head of every sinner and every man who looks or acts like one. Such a period of revelation and exposure might have a cleansing influence on public life, although it is to be feared that, when attacks on private life and character become general, no offender will get in its work and innocent and guilty alike will suffer. Indeed, it is probable that the reputable, the representative, those with most to lose, would lose most, in a riot of scandal.

Will The Globe apply the same test of fitness to its own friends in the provincial and Dominion elections that it has applied to its enemy, Dr. Nesbitt, in this mayoralty campaign?

If not it will find itself and its party in a mighty hot spot when the campaigning begins. The escapades of public men who are lauded by the Liberal organ will be published right and left. There is quite a lot of such material available, sad to say.

Nowhere, perhaps, were Editor Macdonald's attacks on the personal delinquencies of a candidate read with greater dismay than in certain parts of the Liberal camp, where for some time past men have been grouped together deploping the scandal-mongering tendencies of Conservative newspapers and some members of Parliament. Their own chief newspaper has now sanctioned this kind of campaign, has invited the enemy to proceed—and in the party camp there are some very angry men.

No doubt The Globe accomplished its purpose and put Dr. Nesbitt out of business in the mayoralty campaign by its circumstantial story of his alleged jamboree in Stratford. But from the point of view of tactics it may prove an expensive victory, if not an egregious blunder. The jamboree, although rare, is not yet extinct, as the Liberal organ would say in one of its delightful little editorial essays on birds. Individual specimens are caught sight of at intervals anywhere between Halifax and Vancouver, even in Toronto and Ottawa. As the telling of one ghost story will recall other and still creepier ones, to those gathered about the fireplace, so the telling of this story will set a fashion in election winning.

If the editor who did this thing acted on principle and not from antagonism to an individual, he will carry on a policy of reformation. If he lets matters go as they stand,

content with having pole-axed an enemy, other men with hostility towards other individuals, will be sure to start out on the same kind of pole-axe work.

SOME time ago it was stated in these columns that the race question on the Pacific Coast would prove to be the hottest that ever burnt the hands of Canadian politicians; that not on the St. Lawrence but on the Pacific would be found our real race question, and that at last we were to face such an issue as falls to the lot of a grown-up nation. In some quarters it was felt that the articles on this page exaggerated the importance of the question, while a great many letters have come to hand from readers who think that this journal is almost alone in recognizing the gravity of the situation now taking form.

It may be well to submit to the reader some recent developments, on which he may base conclusions. A despatch from Pekin appeared in the daily press a short time ago voicing the indignation of the English in China because of the speech delivered at Kobe by Count Okama, formerly leader of what may be called the Progressive

and maps prepared by the Japanese spies are superior in every way to anything possessed by the city officials. He said he did not discover the presence of the spies "until their work was completed, whereupon he transmitted his information to Washington and was requested to furnish all details of operations of the alleged spies."

We read of this kind of thing in history and fiction, but are inclined to discredit it in the newspapers. However, some will recall a similar story published in the press during the past summer. It was stated on the authority of a man who had been brought into close contact with them, that Japanese experts, professedly engaged in the fisheries, were, in fact, busily employed in making maps and charts of harbors and river-mouths on both the United States and Canadian coasts.

The United States official sent to Hawaii from Washington to enquire into the Asiatic influx, with the candor of the West, publicly reported that he expected no further arrivals from Japan, as they already had located on the islands enough ex-soldiers to take possession, should the occasion for doing so arise. It is not necessary at this

ing on the part of statesmen in Canada. Europe and America has been trying for long to wake up the East. It begins to seem that the East is waking up, and she can as easily send ten immigrants to America as Europe can send one. In an open race between Japan and Great Britain to populate the valleys and bays of British Columbia with self-supporting and satisfied settlers, Japan could win. Let such a free rivalry begin, and let the two races begin crowding each other for possession at any given point, and, so long as the rivalry is industrial, not military, the Jap will hold possession and the white man will withdraw in disgust to a white community. It is a rivalry that should be checked at the outset.

REV. J. E. STARR was due to speak at the Temperance League meeting last Sunday afternoon, but the officers of that organization wrote cancelling the arrangement, in view of the fact that the clergyman of the Berkeley street church had avowed himself a supporter of Dr. Beattie Nesbitt for the mayoralty. The officers of the League do not accord to others much freedom of opinion. They will be earning the reputation of being like the people David Harum spoke of, who "were so narrow-minded that four of 'em could ride side by side to church on one buggy seat."

JUDGE WELLS, in the Welland County Court, took a witness in hand, a police officer, and strongly censured him for having attempted to arrest a man without a warrant. The man, by pointing a revolver at the officer, made good his escape, and the Judge is reported in the Welland Telegraph as saying to the officer in court: "He did perfectly right in pointing a gun at you when you had no warrant to arrest him, and if you had been shot it would not have been manslaughter either."

It would seem that Judge Wells in his desire to rebuke the lawlessness of law officers used language too emphatic. Constables frequently exceed their authority, and it is fitting that the bench should occasionally rebuke them, in order that right conceptions of duty may be preserved, but circumstances constantly present themselves wherein it becomes the imperative duty of constables or policemen to make arrests without warrants. If a man be destroying property, disturbing the peace or attacking another, it is necessary to arrest him without waiting to secure a warrant. Surely Judge Wells spoke hastily, however, when he declared that a man had a perfect right to point a revolver at an officer who was trying to arrest him without showing a legal warrant to do so—and could have shot him without being guilty of manslaughter. If Judge Wells is correctly reported he has been giving out a strange message from the bench. Even if it be assumed that a constable without a warrant is of exactly the same status as any other private individual, it does not follow that an illegal act on his part justifies somebody else in resorting to still more serious illegalities. In this case one man may have made an unlawful attempt to arrest another; the other, however, violated the law in two ways, by carrying a revolver, and also by presenting it at his adversary. If, under such circumstances one man may shoot another without committing manslaughter, shooting may speedily become a very common practice. In this country a man is only excused for killing another when the fact is made clear that he acted purely in self-defence and had reason to believe that he could not preserve his own life in any other way. In this case the man who flourished the revolver was in no danger of his life, and had he shot the constable, he would have found himself charged, not with manslaughter, it is true, but with murder. There have been cases of this kind before, and it is not well that in a country where newcomers are so numerous any wrong notions should be sent abroad on so serious a matter. In this country gun-play is in total disfavor. The man who resorts to it puts himself in the wrong; his excuses are deemed flimsy; they count for little in court.

EMERSON COATSWORTH after serving two years as Mayor of Toronto retires. During his term of office he has not enjoyed the support of the press, nor have the newspapers enjoyed his good opinion. Mr. Coatsworth has made an excellent mayor, except for the fact that he could make no progress with the large questions that await solution. He seems to lack that faith in self and contempt for others which distinguish the man who does things. In the City Hall, in the social circles in which he moves and among those with whom he has been brought in contact as chief magistrate, the retiring mayor is much liked, for none can know him without coming to the knowledge that his defects all lean to virtue's side. Men like Mr. Coatsworth are met with here and there—men who do not succeed in a large way in politics because of their too great faith in others, their too much amiability, their inherent unwillingness to suspect evil in others or to administer wounds, except with long range weapons, so that the sufferings of the injured will not need to be witnessed.

PORT ARTHUR has a sensation furnished by Rev. Dr. Murray, pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, in that promising young city at the head of lake navigation. Dr. Murray is so grieving because the seating accommodation of the churches of the city did not exceed three thousand, while the population was given as 13,576. There appeared to be a shocking shortage of churches, or a lamentable indifference to religion among the people. So the clergyman began to look into the matter. He began by assuming that of the total population one thousand were too young or too old to attend church; many attended only the morning service each Sunday, and others only the evening service; the Roman Catholics, for instance, held three masses to accommodate all. But figure as he would Dr. Murray could not make it appear that more than about fifty-five per cent. of the population had any church connection whatever. He decided to examine the census of the city and look up the unattached Presbyterians, so he got at the assessment rolls, spent two forenoons on the study of them, with the result that the good clergyman is agast at the wickedness of the age and generation. He found what a similar search would reveal in the municipal census of most towns straining to reach the status of cities—he found the census padded



A MADE SOME NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS AND IS STILL HANGING ON.
B MADE SOME TOO, BUT THEY WEREN'T WHAT HE WANTED.
C DIDN'T MAKE ANY.

MY POOR FRIEND, WHICH IS YOU?

Party in Japan. He speaks for the aggressive spirit of Nippon, and in the speech which has attracted world-wide attention he said: "Japan will surely disappoint the people of India, as well as ignore the opportunities given by heaven, if she fails to afford protection to the millions of India now being oppressed by Europe." The chief British newspaper in China flatly declares that Count Okama has expressed openly in his speech the national sentiment of Japan. The alliance between Great Britain and Japan is largely an official affair between the two foreign offices. On the neutral ground of China, there is open hostility and deep-seated ill-feeling between the British and Japanese. In the trade with India, Japanese boats have almost entirely supplanted British since the war. At every turn where the Jap finds his advance in a new direction blocked by a white man, he discovers that white man to be a Britisher. It is so with his ambitions as regards China, as regards India, while in Korea he finds that the missionaries who get in his way and denounce his acts, fly the Union Jack over their schools and hospitals, and carry their complaints to the British consulates. Japan begins to see that the figure in the path is the portly one of John Bull.

A despatch from Portland, Oregon, the other day quoted Mayor Lane of that city as saying in a public speech that agents of the Japanese Government "had obtained accurate maps of the city of Portland, maps and specifications of every roadway leading into the city and various pipe lines from which the city obtains its water supply." According to Mayor Lane, the elaborate plates

time to discuss these various points. It is enough to line them up for review.

TURNING to another side of the subject, it is evident that Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux has failed in his embassy to Tokio. It is regrettable that some Canadian newspapers are so busy with the little fire on which boils the pot of party politics, that they care nothing about this futile journey except as it may be turned to party advantage. But we are up against a situation here that is much too large to be mixed in with the parish questions that have long been squabbled over at Ottawa. Not long ago Goldwin Smith, in discussing this subject, gave it as his opinion that sooner or later there was bound to be a supreme struggle between the white and yellow races for possession of the Pacific slopes of this continent. The struggle has already begun; there is reason to believe that the invading race knows it. Between British Columbia and the rest of Canada the connecting link consists of mountain passes so narrow that one man with a crow-bar and a repeating rifle could hold a gap for a length of time that would make the achievement of Robert Bruce look like doll's work. There is nothing of this kind to fear, perhaps, for a long time to come, but when a man considers the activity of the Japanese and Chinese in the Pacific now as compared with any time preceding the war with Russia, and considers the aggressiveness of the Japanese as a nation and as individuals, remembering, too, that at a bound they have leaped from the middle-ages into the twentieth century—there is good ground for careful think-

to boost the population, the same men being counted over and over again. Six or seven people, listed at their residences and again at their shops, were made to count as twelve or fifteen. It was by this generous method, persevered in, that the population was hoisted to 13,576.

A man may count for three or four in a municipal census, but he only counts for one when he sits in a church pew. To the Port Arthur clergyman was suddenly revealed the truth that the church attendance in his city was not nearly so low as the figures made it appear. Then, backed by a committee of his church workers, he publicly denounced the dishonesty of padding a census and peopling a town with phantom inhabitants—duplicating, or even multiplying, citizens who had done nothing to deserve it.

It is a curious case—not so much because the municipal census was padded, as because this all too prevalent dishonesty was exposed and denounced in a local pulpit and through the columns of the local press. Let none of the other young cities jeer at Port Arthur, lest they attract attention to their own assessment rolls.

JUST before the United States fleet sailed from Hampton Roads, a vessel passed along the line and took off the warships about one hundred Japanese stewards, whom it had been supposed, up to that moment, would be retained in their positions during the cruise to the Pacific. Some newspapers complain that this action, at the last moment, and done in that way, was made to have a sinister appearance, and that it was an act of carelessness not to have substituted native-born stewards sooner. But caution, not carelessness, may explain the course taken. The Japanese are supposed to have a remarkable secret service. By leaving a hundred Jap stewards in their usual posts until the very moment of sailing and then landing them ashore, no opportunity was given the Japanese intelligence bureau to make other arrangements. There may have been caution in the plan adopted, but there was no exquisite display of diplomacy.

CHARLES MAIR, of Leithbridge, on returning home the other day after spending six weeks in Ontario and Quebec, was interviewed by a reporter of the new daily in that town, The Herald. He said that for six weeks he had not seen a blue sky until he got back to Alberta. He left Toronto on a stormy Saturday, and got home at three o'clock one morning carrying his grips without gloves on his hands. It was like a summer night. "A few days in the East," said Mr. Mair, "is enough for any Albertan." That's how the man out West gets even with the Easterner who talks about weather.

THE power by-law was carried on New Year's day in sweeping fashion, notwithstanding the strenuous battle waged against it by the power people. It seems to me that the capitalists seeking to defeat this by-law made a serious mistake in not issuing all their arguments openly and over their own signatures. People will pay more attention to a fair and square pamphlet, discussing a subject fully and reasonably, than they will to anonymous literature containing glaring misstatements. The anonymity of much of this literature sufficed to condemn it and to cause distrust of it. A Mayor and Board of Control favorable to the by-law has been elected, and nothing remains now but to get results.

It is not at all probable that there will be any duplication of transmission lines or distributing system for power in the city, but the municipality and provincial Government have been put in position to go ahead with construction work unless satisfactory arrangements can be made with the companies. MACK.

Misinformation in the Press.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, Nov., '07.

Editor Saturday Night: In your number of the 28th of September you make a strong protest against Canadian newspapers copying sensational articles that appear in the United States newspapers. Canadians in Australia, who are living in a somewhat different atmosphere, will feel more forcibly than Canadians at home the propriety of your demand. I venture to add to your suggestion that they cease to copy the ridiculous articles, scientific, historical and narrative, that also appear in United States publications. I am well aware that there are wholesome publications and genuine sciences in the Republic, but, unfortunately, the articles in such prints are not the ones generally borrowed. I had the hardihood to say once in Chicago that the people of the United States knew more about their own country and less about other countries than any other people in the world, not excepting the natives in darkest Africa. The African knew nothing, but the citizen of the United States thought he knew a great deal about other countries, but his knowledge was chiefly wrong, and this misinformation was largely due to the newspapers which he read. In the mail that brought your issue of September 28, there also came Canadian newspapers containing a long sketch of the extraordinary character of the deadly snakes of Australia. The essence of it was that if you kill one snake you must be sure to find out and kill its mate or else that mate would follow you, no matter how far, or how long, until it was able to reach the murderer of its companion and bite him. This joke, which the Australian country boy has played upon the especially silly "new chum," has been taken seriously and expanded into a bit of natural history.

Some time ago a serious Canadian newspaper offered a reward for the best essay upon electricity by a school child. The award was given to the essay of a school girl of thirteen, which read like this: "The first man to conceive that lightning and electricity were the same was Benjamin Franklin; the first man to conceive the use of electricity for conveying messages was Samuel Morse; the first to conceive of a cable under the sea was Cyrus Field." It is easy to conceive how this unfortunate child obtained its knowledge of electricity, but it is difficult to conceive how a committee of Toronto clergymen, I believe, could have awarded the first prize to such a collection of mis-statements, or that a reputable newspaper should have published it without a correction of the errors.

The New York Sun, in the days of Mr. Dana, prided itself upon the accurate learning as well as the literary ability of its editorials, and I suppose still does so. Two years ago last August I was in New York. In the issue of The Sun on the morning after my arrival, it had an editorial which began in this wise: "In Australia there is a bird called the Moa, which alights on the back of a sheep and eats its way into its vitals, killing it." I supposed that there was not a school boy who did not know that the moa was long since extinct; that it lived in New Zealand; that a full-grown Moa if ever reached twice the height of a tall man; and that if it ever could have got its feet on the back of a sheep, there would not have been much room for its beak to work into the interior. Most

Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead

By James P. Haverson

TWO months ago the union called a strike, It's seemed like seven Sundays every week. I'm wise it's up to me to beat a sneak, Pack up what little goods is mine an' hike; Just blow the burg an' hit the goodbye pike An' be a bloomin' rustic, so to speak. I ust to think a Reuben was a freak, But now he looks the wisest sort of Mike. Dis bein' "unemployed" is on the blink, An' eatin' too infrequent when you're broke. Dis huntin' fer a place where I kin sleep Has kep' me wide awake an' on the think. My eyes is bad, so I don't see the joke, Wherefore, I have made up me mind to creep.

of the evening newspapers of New York do not let pass an opportunity for a jibe at the expense of the morning sheets, and I looked for a good deal of fun being poked at the blunder of The Sun. Not one of them appeared to have recognized it.

No matter how good the public schools of Canada are, they can convey but a limited amount of information. The great proportion of the knowledge, which the people of Canada have, has been obtained from newspapers and it is, therefore, of the highest importance that the newspapers of Canada should convey information that is correct. It is to be hoped that one of the results of the new postal tariff between Canada, England and the United States, will be to bar out the rubbish from the other side of the line, which too many young Canadians have been reading, and to substitute literature sounder in politics, art, science and morality. J. S. L.

Says Big Canadians Lack Loftiness of Soul.

AS a result of the visit of a large number of British pressmen to the Dominion last summer a vast amount of comment on Canada and Canadians has appeared, and continues to appear, in the newspapers of Great Britain. Some of this comment makes strange reading to the Canadian—disclosing, as these articles do, so many unfamiliar viewpoints. But of them all, the most remarkable are the articles written by Mr. Harold Begbie. This gentleman is a London journalist of some note, and belongs to a cult of journalism never known in this country—unless perhaps Nicholas Flood Davin might be said to have belonged to it—and rapidly enough becoming extinct even in England. Mr. Begbie has education, culture, and the writer's instinct. He is, indeed, a delightful writer—well-informed, too, and observant—but he approaches every question from the standpoint of a poet. Even when dealing with the prosaic affairs of the market place, or describing the achievements of politicians or men of the world, he treats his subject as though he were employed upon an epic.

For example, Mr. Begbie, in a recent article on Canadian public men, says that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is "a good man," "a picturesque orator," and "a dexterous politician," but "he has nothing of that Gladstonian passion for honor and purity which can sway multitudes and set a whole nation in the way of righteousness." He has not "the lofty soul of a Milton." But then, as the Canadian Gazette remarks, neither Milton nor Gladstone were politicians.

Sir William MacDonald, the "mild and beneficent old gentleman" who "made a vast fortune out of plug tobacco and spends it in founding the MacDonald College," also impressed Mr. Begbie; but Sir Thomas Shaughnessy impressed him most. "He is," says Mr. Begbie, "a man almost bloodless in the intensity of his devotion to material ends. He does not please, he does not charm, he does not delight, but he interests. . . . The oval face is like a soldier's—clean-cut, aquiline, a little choleric in the coloring. The eyes are small and penetrating, with the line of the low-hanging upper-lids sharply defined, giving the appearance of command and impatience of delay. He directs the affairs of the greatest railway concern in the world, and he would direct with an equal success the affairs of the British Empire. Humanity is for him not a book but a machine. . . . He impresses me as evolution impresses me."

But (again says the Canadian Gazette) what can Mr. Begbie have done to shut himself out from the other side of the commanding character of the Canadian Pacific president—the kindness, geniality and humor of the man who is as ready to befriend and help, as occasion arises, as he is to command and exact.

Why Ben Bolted.

O H, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt. Sweet Alice, whose hair was once brown, But now it is yellow as yellow can be, And the change is the talk of the town.

You surely remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Alice, whose hair is her pride; She inherits her beauty per Ma and per Dad, But mostly, folks say, peroxide.

—Toronto News.

The Imperial Vision of Rhodes.

From St. James's Budget.

IT would have rejoiced the heart of Cecil Rhodes could he have heard Lord Curzon's speech on Imperialism at Birmingham recently. The idea of the Court being held by the Sovereign in person at Calcutta and at Quebec would specially have appealed to him. But he would not have stopped short at those two cities; he would have included South Africa. As a matter of fact, in law the Sovereign is present at every Court held by the Viceroy of India and by the Governor-General of Canada, just as he is supposed to be present in every court of law in the land. The idea, while one of which the Imperialist well may delight to dream, is impracticable, from the fact that human nature simply could not endure the strain. The work of the Sovereign is already so heavy as at times to become almost more burdensome than one person can support. It required the most anxious research and investigation to permit Queen Victoria to transact State business while spending a quiet holiday on the Continent.

Rhodes' conception of Empire went further than Lord Curzon's. His dream was the domination of the entire world by the Anglo-Saxon race. To accomplish this, Great Britain and the United States of America were to be reunited; the hideous mistakes leading up to the Revolution forgotten, the two peoples joining hands to secure the

everlasting peace of the world. He did not suggest the holding of a Court in America, but he did seriously suggest that the two nations should govern successively in each other's capital. "If we could arrange with the present members of the United States Assembly and our House of Commons, the peace of the world is secured for all eternity!" he said. "We could hold our Federal Parliament five years at Washington and five in London!" What Canada and Australia and South Africa would say to being ruled from the American capital does not appear to have entered into his calculations.

The Archives of Canada.

From the Montreal Herald.

DR. DOUGHTY, Dominion Archivist, is to be congratulated on the unanimity with which fifty thousand dollars was voted in the House of Commons for his department. The leader of the Opposition, Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron and the Minister of Agriculture all paid tributes to Dr. Doughty's abilities. Mr. Bergeron went so far as to suggest an increase of salary to the archivist, and Mr. Fisher paid him a signal compliment by stating that Dr. Doughty was desirous of more money for his work rather than of an increase of salary.

But Dr. Doughty is to be congratulated further on deserving the unanimity of the Commons. He is the real creator of a valuable branch of Government activity. The department had been in operation for a number of years before Dr. Doughty was appointed, but, partly for lack of room and partly for other reasons, its usefulness was seriously crippled. Now, largely owing to Dr. Doughty's enthusiasm and ability, it is established in a new building adequate to present demands and is in shape to be of practical as well as historical service to the Dominion. On the practical side, the Archives are frequently applied to for evidence as to land titles, of which a striking instance is a case now before the United States courts over the ownership of an island which used to be in Canadian territory, a case in which the decisive documents are in the possession of Dr. Doughty.

Canadian history comes into the Archives in ton loads, and is there sorted and classified. Among the special treasures now in the collection are the documents on which Lord Dufferin based his famous report—or on which Charles Buller, his secretary, based it. There, too, are the records of negotiations which the Indian Chief Pontiac, signed with his own hand. The future historians of Canada will find the Archives indispensable, and will draw therefrom records of nation-building which will inspire the builders of the Greater Canada yet to be.

CANADA has about as much need of a treaty with Japan as Canada has for an all-red route round the world (says the Toronto Telegram). Japan, as a customer for Canada's products, either agricultural or industrial, is a joke, and will never be anything else. Canada's power to guard her shores against this Asiatic peril has been sacrificed to the ambition of Ottawa busybodies who are always wanting to make treaties. The Canadian-Japanese treaty should never have been made, and Canada ought to escape its restrictions by the speedy denunciation of the whole treaty.

THE Ladies' Home Journal, of Philadelphia, recently had a bit of a story-writing contest—the stories being about unique weddings or something of that kind. In announcing the result, the Journal notes that out of five prizes, "one went to Canada and another to Nova Scotia." Dear, dear! But it must be remembered that Mr. Bok, kind soul, is a Hollander, and that he had a lot to learn since he came to America. He has done well—picked up the English language and quite a lot of other things, including a fat editorial job. He has probably not had time yet to memorize the names of the provinces of Canada.

DURING 1907 the marine losses on the great lakes amounted to a value of \$743,000, including thirteen steamers and one schooner. The greatest single loss was that of the steamer Cyprus, valued at \$275,000. Damages to vessels not lost reached a greater amount than the above total. The season's losses were much below those of 1906, which included forty-four vessels, with a value of \$1,029,500.

"I T has been my privilege," says Mr. James Ryrie, "to visit frequently the leading cities of both the new and old worlds, and I can say conscientiously that I know of no spot on 'God's Footstool' in which the physical, social, educational, moral and religious conditions are so favorable for a man of moderate means to enjoy life and raise his family in, as right here in Toronto."

JOHN HETHERINGTON, a haberdasher, on January 5, 1797, wore the first silk hat seen on the streets of London. He was arrested for inciting a riot, but was dismissed with a reprimand. When a Canadian youth, therefore, first walks down street in a silk hat, his secret dread that the populace will start a riot is not as absurd as he tries to make himself believe.

AS a young man at Cambridge, Lord Minto was so devoted to sport that he took his degree in a riding costume covered by an academic gown. Immediately after the ceremony he jumped into the saddle and galloped off to the racecourse, where he arrived just in time to win the University Steeplechase.

HON. ADAM BECK in discussing the Niagara power question in Massey Hall last Saturday night, made a very favorable impression on a gathering including a great many business men who seldom attend political meetings.

"MARRIAGE," says Master-in-Chambers Cartwright of Osgoode Hall, "is the most important contract a person can make, yet it is the only one a person can legally make before reaching the age of twenty-one."

WHEN Dr. Beattie Nesbitt runs for office in Toronto he shakes the city to its very base.

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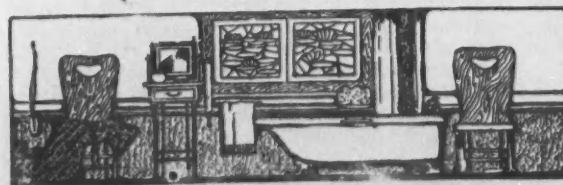
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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



TORONTO, JAN. 2.
THE first severe check to finance and trade for a period of about ten years, occurred in the latter half of 1907. It will result in no harm, but on the other hand will be beneficial. The enormous expansion and development of the Dominion, together with abundant crops for about a decade of years, have led to many abuses. Reckless and extravagant living, and necessarily heavy borrowings of money, resulted from the good times. A halt has been called, and the public have begun to realize where they are at. It is a good thing. Economy will be practiced, and savings will be the greater for it. It perhaps seems a strange thing to say, but it is in the hard times that money is accumulated, and the basis laid for the more prosperous years. What have become of the enormous profits our corporate companies have made in recent years? A large number of companies have for years issued statements showing net annual profits of 15 to 20 per cent. on capital, while shareholders have been paid only 6 to 12 per cent. And still the majority of these companies have been in the money market year after year for more capital, and they are harder up to-day than ever. The same thing applies to governments and private individuals. Instead of liquidating indebtedness in what we term prosperous times, we all, or nearly all of us, go on borrowing more and more. No doubt such a policy is essential in some cases during the growing time for such a country as Canada, but that it is bad business in most cases is proven by recent events.

The popular opinion is that the year on which we have entered will be an improvement on 1907. The Many look for easier monetary conditions almost immediately. The unusually severe liquidation in securities that has taken place is thought to have more than discounted actual conditions. With practically no speculation on the Stock Exchange, and a diminishing trade, the demands for money have been greatly curtailed. Hence the likelihood of easier money. The large immigration into the country and the rapid development of railway enterprises, the capital for which has to a large extent been provided for in Britain, are undoubtedly favorable factors which cannot be ignored. Mr. E. R. Wood, of the Dominion Securities Co., who returned from London this week, speaks favorably of the reception of Canadian securities in Britain, and looks upon the present money stringency as a temporary affair. Of late years, said Mr. Wood, there has arisen a considerable enquiry over there for Canadian miscellaneous securities. Heretofore the demand was altogether confined to Government and municipal bonds, and those of public service corporations. The developments of the past half year in the financial conditions of the United States have had a marked effect in directing the attention of the British investor with increased favor towards our securities, which have shown wonderful strength in view of the depression, particularly the various bank stocks. There is no lack of money in Great Britain if confidence can be gained, said Mr. Wood. For instance, the issue of Dominion of Canada short-dated bonds issued three weeks ago to the amount of £1,500,000 was fully subscribed at par. And not only is it Dominion or provincial securities that are being invested in. For instance, we made an issue of £250,000 about six weeks ago of city of Vancouver forty year 4 per cent. bonds, which was over-subscribed. The principal thing about it, however, was that it was so largely taken up, not by large subscribers, but by small investors. In fact, over three hundred persons subscribed.

Canada has as yet not suffered to any extent in her trade or in industries. This may be more marked in the near future. The discharge of men, and the shortening of the hours of labor in many factories, is not pleasant to contemplate. For the twelve months past, however, the evidence is still on the side of growth and expansion. Bank clearings is a pretty safe index of the volume of trade, and for both Toronto and Montreal the figures show increases over past years. It is true that the figures for December last show a decrease as compared with those of January, 1907, but the total for the year is \$1,228,905,517, an increase of \$9,780,000 over the big year of 1906. Since 1901 the clearings of the banks at Toronto have almost doubled. In Montreal there has also been a substantial increase in clearings. For the past year the figures were \$1,995,700,000, as against \$1,533,500,000 in 1906, the previous high record. On the other hand, the banking returns of clearances in the United States generally show decreases. The customs returns here and in Montreal were also the largest on record.

The business transacted on the Toronto Stock Exchange in 1907 was the smallest in many years. The dearth of money, and the heavy liquidation in securities which it involved, drove what little public interest there was in stocks a year ago out of the market altogether. The losses, which were heavy, came on the wealthier classes. While securities may be in fairly strong hands to-day, there is little doubt but that many would be marketed if prices should have a fair advance. This market has recently been called an investors' market only, and the small business would indicate that the elements of speculation have been entirely removed. The total sales for 1907 were only 385,211 shares, including all stocks excepting mining issues, of which there were 39,000 shares. In addition there were \$2,926,200 bonds traded in. In 1906 the business was 576,175 shares of stock, \$3,213,400 bonds, and 110,271 mining shares. In 1902 the trading on the Toronto Stock Exchange amounted to 1,682,645 shares of stock, \$2,856,000 bonds, and 712,703 shares of mining stock.

Brokers generally are advising the purchase of stocks which make a good return on capital. Many Investments. Depositors, who have become dissatisfied with the 3 per cent. interest given by the Government and chartered banks, are making investments in stocks, purchasing them outright. It will be interesting to note some of the more important declines in stock prices during the year. Canadian Pacific, at 153, shows a decline of 43 points as compared with a year ago; Twin City at 85, is 18 points lower; Sao Paulo is 25 points lower; Mackay common is down 17½ points and the pre-

ferred 7; Toronto Railway is 18 points lower, and Dominion Coal 24 points lower. The electric issues have been hit badly; General Electric is 40 points lower than a year ago, and Toronto Electric Light 35 points lower. Rio de Janeiro is 13 points lower, and Mexican Light and Power only 7 points lower. Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co. is 20 points lower and Northern Navigation 12 points lower. Bank issues did not escape, for we find that Dominion is 42 lower, Imperial 13 lower, Traders 17 lower, Hamilton 20 lower, Commerce 11 lower, Standard 10 lower, and Toronto 19 lower. At current prices investments in bank stocks will yield from 4½ to 5½ per cent. per annum. Railways, including electric roads, yield from 5 to 8 per cent. on capital invested. Navigation issues yield from 7½ to 8½ per cent., and investments in miscellaneous stocks dealt in the Toronto Stock Exchange will give at present price all the way from 5.40 to 11.00 per cent. per annum.

Money on call, although extremely tight on Wall Street, did not jump to the high rates reached at the end of some previous years. This was due to the fact that speculation has been greatly curtailed, there being few belated borrowers. Time money, however, has ruled at very high rates, closing quotations in both New York and London being the highest in many years. The financial situation in New York is still in an abnormal state. A small premium still exists on currency. A favorable sign this week, however, was that for the first time since the October panic a large consignment of South African gold was bid for at London on Monday without any purchases for New York. This was explained chiefly by the gradual disappearance of the gold premium which has been the most advantageous factor that the importing bankers have had to reckon with, and by the failure of money rates to advance in New York to such a level as would make an importation highly profitable. This does not mean, however, that the gold inflow has ceased, although there is every indication that it is nearing its end.

The shareholders of Canadian Pacific, having given the necessary assent to the issue of new stock, the directors on Monday decided to increase the amount outstanding by \$24,336,000, giving present stockholders the right to subscribe at par for an additional amount equal to 20 per cent. of their holdings. This will make \$150,000,000 outstanding common stock. At 154, the rights were given a prospective value equal to a dividend of 9 per cent. of the stock now outstanding. This last bonus takes the total to about 17 per cent. paid to stockholders of the Canadian Pacific System, including the six per cent. dividend and the one per cent. land bonus paid annually.

It has become the fashion to speak of the French investor as an ultra-conservative person who will run no risk. M. Leroy-Beaulieu made this comment the other day, when asked if that was true: "Quite the contrary. We built the Suez Canal and lost our money in Panama; we hold the Spanish exterior debt, and we have built the Spanish railways; and we are at least half-owners with England of Rio Tinto copper. All this meant risk. No, we are not over-prudent; and if we have money to-day, while others have not, it is because we are a naturally saving people."

MONTREAL, JAN. 2.
PETER McKENZIE, known by the folks way beyond the Arctic circle, reds and whites, known to the gentlemen of long tail coats and topers in London town, known to the plainmen of Western Canada, known by the Blackfeet and the Crows, known by the half breeds and their squaws, known wherever the long trail begins or ends, is ill in Montreal. And the chances are that old Peter McKenzie, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, will never again visit those far-off places where he spent so much of his life.

Essentially a child of the wilds, in so far as early training and natural bent are concerned, Peter McKenzie has always shown himself a man of affairs and ability when circumstances forced him to rub elbows with the slick, astute, matter-of-fact business men of the cities. However, it was the broad open, out-of-doors, that McKenzie loved best; and naturally so, for was he not born at an old trading post on Georgian Bay and brought up at Moose Factory in the James Bay region? His father had been a Hudson Bay trader before him, and while at the post young Peter was given all possible advantages. These were meagre and crude at best. For his companions he had little half breed and Indian boys, whose families lived at the post, and for playthings in the off hours he fished and snared rabbits, searched for eggs in the spring and trapped ermine and ptarmigan. When such a luxury as sugar was on his father's table young Peter saved his share and traded it to his chums for ermine or whatever they had. Then Peter would trade off the skin to his father for a bunch of beads from the store and with these he would buy a fox, or a mink or perhaps a marten. Peter was wise in his day and generation, when finally his parents brought him on to Lachine where he was turned over to a schoolmaster.

When young Peter was fifteen his father died and then it was up to him to strike out in the company for himself. For over a half century Peter McKenzie was in the employ of the company, and he filled every position from junior clerk to chief factor with nine great trading districts under his supervision. As chief factor McKenzie went the rounds of this ponderous northern country at least once a year. Each summer he visited Ungava and Hudson's Bay, travelling down the St. Lawrence to Newfoundland, thence on to Labrador, to Hudson's Straits and James' Bay.

Mr. McKenzie is not much of a talker. Years in the silent places took from him the gift of speech. At times when taken just right he will recall the days when he and Donald Smith travelled from Norway House to Moose Factory, with their Indians and dog teams. Donald Smith made the "bannock" on that trip, and it was mighty well made, too, for Smith was no mean cook in those days; and he was a first-class dog driver and paddler also, according to McKenzie.

"As to my own cooking," said McKenzie, "weel, I'd rather cook than starve, but I never was a great hand for it."

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We are indebted to The Scotsman for drawing our attention to a daring theft, for the perpetrator of which we must confess to having a sneaking admiration. According to our contemporary the Edinburgh Detective Department is now searching for a gentleman who "some days ago, without saying anything to his wife on the subject, drove to the Waverley Station, and left with one of the East Coast trains." But it was too bad of him not to have told his wife. —Punch.

On the same afternoon New York courts awarded \$10,000 to one boy for the loss of his leg and \$800 to the parents of another who was killed. It is cheaper to be thorough in New York.—The Chicago Daily News.

IMPERIAL BANK
OF CANADA

Dividend No. 70

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eleven per cent. (11 per cent.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution, has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January, 1908, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Saturday, the 1st day of February, 1908. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 10th to the 31st January, 1908, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.
Toronto, 24th December, 1907.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE farewell tea given by Mrs. Alexander, of Bon Accord, gathered many friends of the hostess and her daughter last Friday, who offered best wishes to the two for a happy trip and a safe return in the springtime. Mrs. and Miss Alexander have left for the south of Europe. The weather was atrocious on Friday, intermittent showers of rain, plenty of mud, and general gloom making the comfort and brightness of Bon Accord most gratifying. Mrs. Alexander, in a pretty gown of Dresden panne and lace, received in the drawing-room. Miss Jean Alexander and Miss Madge Davidson were in the tea-room, where a cosy little table was brightened with pink mums in a silver bowl, and set with cakes and ices. Tea and coffee were served by maids, and everyone enjoyed them, for on such a glum afternoon they are particularly welcome. Miss Alexander wore a dainty gown of horizontal white ribbon and lace insertions, and although she is really an invalid, showed little sign of recent illness, her pretty color and always charming smile and voice being even more attractive than usual. During her long retirement from this season's gaieties she has been never forgotten by her friends, and her sick-room used to be a bower of all sorts of lovely blooms sent to cheer the invalid. That she may return in perfect health and spirits is everyone's wish.

The colonel commanding and officers at Stanley Barracks were the hosts of a very jolly tea last Saturday, at which a variety of reasons combined to put everyone in the best of humors. Never such a handsome host-in-chief has welcomed his guests as was Colonel Victor Williams, in smartest dress uniform, with plenty of gorgeous go'd things and the *debonair* manner which never fails to say the right thing and pay the most appropriate compliment. All the other officers were in their smart frock coats a la *militaire* and their well-known gallant manners, and no one was neglected. The guest, who received most attention, and who looked a picture, was Miss Athol Boulton, who, with her newly arrived fiancé, Major Elmsley, is sure of everyone's good wishes. Mrs. Victor Williams received in the drawing-room, looking very pretty in a pale blue gown with much dainty lace and a most becoming chapeau. Among the many guests were General Otter, the Misses Mortimer Clark and the Misses Reed, Major Macdonald, Mrs. Carpenter, who is so welcome back with the major to Toronto, Mrs. and the Misses Hall, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Van Straubenzee, who is looking her prettiest this winter; Mrs. G. Allen Case, who has quite recovered from her late serious illness; Mrs. Fisk, of Montreal, who came with her brother, Mr. A. O. Beardmore; Mrs. and Miss Ade'e Boulton, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. Hal Osler, Major and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. De Leigh Wilson, who motored out, despite the awful state of the roads; Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, who wore a very handsome blue costume; Mrs. Bertram Denison, Mr. and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mrs. and the Misses Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. and Miss VanderSmitten, Mrs. and Miss Dora Mavor, Mr. Mavor, Professor Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. J. L. Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, Mrs. Clinch, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sloane, Dr. and Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. Weston Brock, Mr. Remy Elmsley, the Misses Elmsley, Mr. Elmsley, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock and their guest, Mrs. Haydn Horsey, of Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Miss Davidson, Miss Edith Kay, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Campbell Macdonald, Major and Mrs. Brock, Miss Cawthra, Miss Howard, Miss Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. and Miss Ireland, Mr. Stuart Greer, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell (the latter also quite well from a tiresome sprained foot), Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Peplar, Miss Chamberlain, Mr. Howard, Miss Boulton, Dr. Bruce, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Colonel and Mrs. Maclean, Mrs. and Miss LeMesurier, Miss Fleury, Mrs. Walker Bell, Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Dr. and Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, Colonel Stimson, Mr. Bogert, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. Cassels, Miss F. Spragge, and a great many others. The officer hosts included the colonel, Major Carpenter, Major Elmsley, Captain Van Straubenzee, Captain Burnham, Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. Le Roy, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Bertram Denison, Mr. Walker Bell, Mr. Jameson. The chief tea-table was arranged in the mess room with pink carnations and the regimental silver, with touches of holly and joy bells hanging everywhere, and a second table was in one of the other rooms, where wise folk escaped from the overcrowding. The band played in the corridor, and all went merry as a marriage bell, an appropriate simile, since the marriage of one of the hosts is to take place in April, and another is reported to be on the brink of the matrimonial ocean.

Miss Nadine Kerr, of Rathnelly, came home from Winnipeg for Christmas. Mr. Boyd Magee was in town for the holidays. Mr. George Magee also came down from Cobalt for the holiday week.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Mabey and Mr. Justice and Mrs. Teetzel are home from their Christmas visit in New York.

Captain and Mrs. Harold Bickford are out on a fortnight's visit to Colonel and Mrs. Davidson. They arrived on Sunday.

There were joyous doings at the Hunt Club on Saturday night, many of the officers and their guests going out to dinner after the tea in Barracks. Major Elmsley and Miss Athol Boulton were toasted and congratulated, and a very bright evening was the last of 1907 at the smart and popular club-house at Scarborough.

The Argonaut Rowing Club will give a ball at the King Edward on Friday week, January 10, and the success of former years will be repeated. The ladies who have kindly consented to be patronesses of this dance are Lady Clark, Lady Moss, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Sweeney of Rohallion, Mrs. Beardmore, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. John T. Davidson, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Eastmuir, and Mrs. Galt.

The Young Bachelors' Club will give their annual dance at McConkey's on next Wednesday evening.

The dance given in honor of the Misses Reed, of England, by their aunt, Lady Mortimer Clark, was voted the best of the year by those lucky enough to be invited. It was not of the magnitude of the usual Cinderellas given each season, being confined to the near friends of the daughters of the house. There was great fun over the cutting of the Christmas cake, whereas were the usual lucky and unlucky articles. The young people present

included Miss Kay, Miss Macdonald, Miss Fleury, Miss Armour, of the debutante contingent, and Miss Moss, Miss Darling, Miss Mary Campbell, the Misses Nordheimer, Miss Skill, Miss Cawthra, Miss Howard, the Misses Garrow, Miss Helen Davidson, the Misses Baldwin, the Misses Kerr, the Misses Clarkson Jones, Miss Hagarty, the Misses Morrison, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Rathlun, Miss Cassels, Miss Ina Matthews, and some three score and ten of the most gallant young men in town, the beaux being in about twenty majority to the belles, a delightful state of affairs for the latter. The Misses Reed wore their coming-out gowns, one of white satin with fillet lace and ribbons, and the other of white nylon with silver trimmings. They are entering into all the holiday gaieties with great enthusiasm, and are being entertained in every direction. This week a dance at Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra's on Tuesday, a little dance at Stanley Barracks on New Year's night, a theatre party on Thursday, and Mrs. Matthews' dance last night have followed the sedate commencement of the week (the oratorio at Massey Hall on Monday), besides a tea at Miss Blaikie's, another at the Misses Morrison's, and luncheons between whites. So that the young English ladies have no dull hours!

The Primate and Mrs. Sweatman spent the week in Barrie. Miss Whitney, daughter of Mr. Forbes Whitney, is back from the West. Mrs. Herbert Ball and Miss Muriel Ball are going to Germany.

The Misses Reed were entertained at luncheon in the Rose room at McConkey's on New Year's eve by Mrs. Denison, who had invited four of last year's brides to take luncheon on that day, Mrs. Cambie, Mrs. Bertram Denison, Mrs. Robert Gay and Mrs. Charles Boone. The decorations were pink carnations and lily of the valley. Mrs. Charles Archibald, of Halifax, who is a school friend of Mrs. Denison, took the foot of the table at the little gathering.

The Government House party at the "Messiah" on Monday night, and many other prominent groups of people, did honor to the conductor, Dr. Torrington, who for the twenty-fifth time waved the baton for chorus and orchestra in the ever loved and welcome arias and choruses of the Christmas oratorio. So virile and enthusiastic is the veteran conductor, that it needs an anniversary such as this to make one realize how long he has worked for the advance of musical culture in our growing city.

Senator Melvin-Jones has been rather indisposed since his return from Eastern Europe. It is hoped that the Llawhaden household will soon be restored, as Mrs. Melvin-Jones has been the only one well enough to appear at the various doings of the holiday season. At Mrs. Alexander's tea she was answering many inquiries for her invalids.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Miss and Mr. Jack Somerville are settled in Pasadena, California, for the winter months.

Mrs. Haydn Horsey returned to Montreal this week. Mrs. Buchanan spent the holidays at Preston Springs. Mrs. Totten is at the Queen's Hotel, so I hear are Mr. and Mrs. James Grace. Miss Aimee Falconbridge will be home next week.

Dr. James McLeod, of Buffalo, is visiting his people in Crescent road for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Archibald, of Halifax, have been spending a fortnight with Dr. and Mrs. Tom Archibald, of College street and Palmerston boulevard. Several friends have entertained the visitors. On Tuesday Mrs. Archibald was the guest of honor at a pretty luncheon at McConkey's. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald have returned to Halifax.

Mrs. Cawthra Mulock entertained at bridge on Friday, December 27, and the ladies present enjoyed the game and the beautiful surroundings. Afterwards several of them attended Mrs. Alexander's tea, the winsome little hostess herself quickly donning a street gown and running over in her motor, surprising her lately dismissed party by the celerity of her change and transit.

There is at present only one route across the South America after the epoch-making movement of 1868 in the eler can take without resorting to muleback journeys for long distances. The road is the route from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres, which can, except in winter time, be covered by railroad and stage, the railroads at the ends and the stage route, of course, over the mountain passes. Two days will suffice for the nine hundred mile trip, but at that it is not without its discomforts and even perils. Before many years have passed, however, it is predicted that there will be at least three railroads across the Andes, one of them being transcontinental, the other connecting with steamers on the Amazon or its tributaries.

Reverend Thomas J. Cross of the Fiftieth Baptist Church, Philadelphia, has had an unusual career for a clergyman. When he was thirteen years old he ran away from his home in England, and for two years was a cabin boy on ships sailing in all parts of the globe. Later, tiring of his seafaring career, he returned to London and studied to be a missionary. He was entered in Spurgeon's College, and received direct instruction from the celebrated evangelist. When he was nineteen years old he went to Philadelphia and became a missionary for the Spruce Street Baptist church. His next step was to enter Bucknell University, where he was a student for six years, and distinguished himself as a college ballplayer.

Stuyvesant Fish declares that there can be no real restoration of confidence until Wall Street finance has been placed upon a more honest basis. He says: "As has been foreseen and foretold, the present crisis is due to utter lack of confidence in corporate management as controlled and directed from Wall Street. Such lack of confidence is world-wide."

Governor Hughes has created perplexity among orthodox politicians of New York by his statement that he has nothing to do with the organization of either house of the Legislature. That fact, he says, was well understood last year. "I have not consulted or communicated with any one on the subject. I am not concerned, officially or individually."

INTEREST

EVERY dollar you deposit with this Corporation will earn interest for you at THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. per annum, compounded four times each year, the highest rate consistent with the safety of the investment. Combined with this is the advantage that your money is always available when you want it. Observe the protection afforded you:

Paid-up Capital.....	\$5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund.....	\$2,450,000.00
Investments.....	\$26,206,387.54

You will see that about EIGHT AND ONE-HALF MILLION DOLLARS of Shareholders' money stand between the Depositor and any possibility of loss.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION
Toronto Street, Toronto

THE SAME TO YOU

Is expressed by many at this time of the year. For one to live the many, many happy years wished by one's friends, it is absolutely necessary to take Cook's Turkish and Russian baths, good health is then assured.

Tell your friends what you intend to do, and if they have not already started advise them to start at once, you will then meet them year after year to extend Christmas greetings. Open day and night with excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms. A dainty bill of fare served at all hours.

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THE secret at the base of the success of our Hair Dressing and Arranging Department lies largely in the fact that we make a study of features and individual characteristics, so that each patron has their hair arranged and dressed to suit their personal requirements. Monotony is thereby avoided, and individuality emphasized.

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Toronto, Dec. 23, '07

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King Edward Drug Store,

Toronto.

Dear Sir:

Kindly send me three jars of your Liola Cream.

I have tried sample you sent me, and like it very much.

Very truly yours,

ANNA HELD.

Tourist—Great Scott! I never thought the noble red man would reach the cigarette stage. The Indian—I didn't either, old man; but a fellow can't go through Carlisle and be a mollycoddle, you know!—Puck.

Bacon—Would you call him a good talker? Egbert—No, I would not. "How many times have you heard him talk?" "Only once." "And when was that?" "When he was trying to open a car window."—Yonkers Statesman.

Take it in time.
If you are
subject to Bilious-
ness, Constipation, Sick
Headaches—don't wait
for another attack.

Right now, take

Abbey's
Effer-
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25c. and 60c.—At all druggists.

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WILL

CONSIDER

FOR A
MOMENT

you will see that now
is the time for you to
take out the policy of
life insurance you
have been thinking of
taking.

EVERY YEAR
you put the matter off
the more the policy
will cost.

YOUR HEALTH
may be good now, but
you have no guarantee
that it will be so any
time in the future.

PROTECTION
for your family can
be immediately secured
by taking a policy
now.

MONEY SAVED
The money you invest
in a life insurance policy
is money well
saved and will well
repay you for your prudence
and foresight.

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BEST**.

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Canadian Agents, MONTREAL

"Where have you been for so long.
If you'd been here yesterday you could
have had a lot of old clothes."

Beggar—I'll have to have a 'phone
put in!—Translated from Megendor-
fer Blatter.

Cook—Yes ma'am, my steady'll get
rid of the mice in the pantry, this
evening.

Mistress—But be sure, the mice
only!—Translated from Fliegende
Blatter.

A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS MADE GOOD

THAT this is the day of the young man in Canada is becoming generally recognized. Go where one will in business circles it will be found, in the great majority of cases, that the men in charge are all on the sunny side of fifty. That is the spirit of the age in business, and in that connection it does not excite surprise. But when one comes to science it is different. One's idea of a head of a scientific branch of a Government is a gray veteran with spectacles, bent with much study over the midnight oil.

But a visit to the Museum of the Geological Survey in Ottawa just now would convince the visitor that aptitude in science is not inevitably the result of old age. The acting head of the Geological Survey of Canada is a young man, who, but for his long experience in the field, might be easily taken for a man recently from college. But a few minutes' chat with the clean-limbed, bright-eyed athletic young acting-director would serve to convince the visitor that when Hon. Mr. Templeton, the Minister of Mines, selected him to succeed A. P. Low, he chose the right man.

A son of Rev. Thomas Brock, one of the Fathers of Canadian Methodism, the acting-director was born in Perth; but, like all the sons of the ministry, he led a wandering life, residing at various times in Mount Fores, Brantford, Paris and other centres in Western Ontario. His father died when Brock was twelve, and he at once stepped into the shoes of the head of the family. His career thenceforward had to be carved out with an eye to the welfare of the other members of the family as well as to his own future. After attending the Paris High School, the Ottawa Collegiate Institute and the Mount Forest High School, he matriculated at Toronto University in 1890.

His first vacation saw him employed on geological field work as an assistant to Dr. Bell in his explorations north of Lake Huron. This was followed by an illness which compelled abandonment of the college course for a while, and then young Brock went as a clerk in a lumber shanty in the northern Ottawa district, and in the summer again acted as field assistant in geological surveys.

The year 1892 saw him a clerk in the mail order department of the T. Eaton Company, and later as a member of the advertising and business staff of the old Toronto News. When the now historic strike of the printers of that paper resulted in the foundation of the Toronto Star, Brock "went with the boys" and became a reporter on the new journal. He "made good" as a reporter, covering most of the city assignments, and finally drifted into the press gallery in the Legislature. But the call of science could not be resisted, and the newspaper world lost a good man.

At New Year's, 1894, Brock went to the School of Mines at Kingston, where he took a science course under Prof. W. G. Miller, now Provincial Geologist of Ontario, and graduated M.A. with medal and honors in chemistry and mineralogy in 1895. The following summer was spent at Heidelberg University, and then he came back to the Kingston Mining School, where he acted as demonstrator of chemistry.

The next summer witnessed Brock's first great piece of exploration. Accompanied by only one man, an Indian, he went over the country between Bell river and Mistassini lake, going in by the Ottawa river and returning by Lake St. John. Coming back to civilization, he again put in the winter at the Kingston school, this time as lecturer in mineralogy.

The year 1897 saw his appointment to the permanent staff of the Geological Survey, and he got his introduction to permanent field work in West Kootenay with Mr. R. G. McConnell. Since then he has had charge of field work in southern British Columbia, and is now regarded as the best authority upon the geological formation of that great mineral belt. He has worked in most of the mining camps there, and has explored a considerable portion of the mountains in southern British Columbia. A proof of the standing he secured in the scientific world is that he was appointed arbitrator in the Le Roi-War Eagle-Centre Star-St. Eugene-Snowshoe negotiations.

Not content with his busy life as a member of the staff of the Survey, Mr. Brock has, since the appointment of Prof. Miller to be Provincial Geologist, acted as professor of geology in the School of Mines and at Queen's University, and has taken time to take a post-graduate course at the University of Heidelberg and to make geological tours of Europe.

At the outset it was remarked that Prof. Brock looked the athlete rather than the typical man of science. The reason is not far to seek. He was one of the first seven of the original Toronto University hockey team and a member of the Queen's hockey and football teams. For many years he figured in the final O.H.A. matches, oft on the winning teams. He took part in the historic football battle in 1896 on Toronto campus between Queen's and "Varsity" when "Big Jim" Corbett remarked that "the prize ring was good enough for him."

Prof. Brock was married in 1900 to Miss Mildred Britton, daughter of Mr. Justice Britton, now of Toronto. He is a councillor of the Canadian Mining Institute, a member of the American Mining Institute, a life Fellow of the Geological Society of America, a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a member of the National Geographical Society.

And now this young man has been appointed to fill the chair occupied by Sir William Logan, Dr. Dawson, Dr. Robert Bell, and Mr. A. P. Low, with every indication of retaining the position if he wants to.

Max Beerbohm and Sarah Bernhardt.

M. R. MAX BEERBOHM reviews the "Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt" in the Saturday Review:

"Hers is a volcanic nature, as we know, and hers has been a volcanic career; and nothing of this volcanism is lost in her description of it. It has been doubted whe-

ther she really wrote the book herself. The vividness of the narration, the sure sense of what was worth telling and what was not, the sharp, salt vivacity of the style (which was not even the slipshod English of the translator can obscure—all these virtues have to some pedants seemed incompatible with authenticity. I admit that it is disquieting to find an amateur plunging triumphantly into an art which we others, having laboriously graduated in it, like to regard as a close concern of our own.

"When Sarah threw her energies into the art of sculpture, and acquitted herself very well, the professional sculptors were very much surprised and vexed. A similar disquiet was produced by her paintings. Let writers console themselves with the reflection that to Sarah all things are possible. There is no use in pretending that she did not write this book herself. Paris contains, of course, many accomplished hacks who would gladly have done the job for her, and would have done it quite nicely. But none of them could have imparted to the book the peculiar fire and salt that it has—the rushing spontaneity that stamps it, for every discriminating reader, as Sarah's own.

"Her life may be said to have been an almost unbroken series of 'scenes' from the moment when, at the age of three, she fell into the fire. 'The screams of my foster-father, who could not move, brought in some neighbors. I was thrown, all smoking, into a large pail of fresh milk.

"I have been told since that nothing was so painful to witness and yet so charming as my mother's despair.' The average little girl would not resent being removed from a boarding-school by an aunt. She would not 'roll about on the ground, uttering the most heartrending cries.' But that is what little Sarah did; and the struggle lasted two hours, and while I was being dressed I escaped twice into the garden and attempted to climb the trees and to throw myself into the pond. . . . I was so feverish that my life was said to be in danger."

"On another occasion she swallowed the contents of a large ink-pot, after her mother had made her take some medicine; and 'I cried to mamma, "It is you who have killed me!"' The desire for death—death as a means of scoring off someone, or as an emotional experience—was frequent both in her childhood and in her maturity. When she was appearing as 'Zaire,' M. Perrin, her manager, offended her in some way, and she was 'determined to faint, determined to vomit blood, determined to die, in order to enrage Perrin.' And old governess, Mlle. de Brabender, lay dying, and 'her face lighted up at the supreme moment with such a holy look that I suddenly longed to die.' Fainting was the next best thing to dying, and Sarah, throughout her early career, was continually fainting, with or without provocation.

"It is a wonder that so much emotional energy as she had to express in swoons, in floods of tears, in torrents of invective, did not utterly wear out her very frail body. Somehow her body fed and thrived on her spirit. The tragedian in her cured the invalid. Doubtless, if she had not been by nature a tragedian, and if all her outbursts of emotion had come straight from her human heart, she could not have survived. It is clear that even in her most terrific moments one half of her soul was in the position of spectator, applauding vigorously. This artistic detachment is curiously illustrated by the tone she takes about herself throughout her memoirs. The test of a good autobiography is the writer's power to envisage himself. Sarah envisages herself ever with perfect clearness and composure. She does not, in retrospect, applaud herself, except when applause is deserved. She is never tired of laughing at herself with the utmost good humor, or of scolding herself with exemplary sternness.

"Emotion for emotion's sake is not the law of your being. It is because that is so immutably, so overwhelmingly, the law of Sarah's being that we have in Sarah—yes, even now, for all the tricks she plays with her art—the greatest of living tragedians."

The Fortunate Isles.

YOU sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,

The old Greek Isles of the yellow-birds' song?

Then steer straight on through the watery miles,

Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.

Nay, not to the left; nay, not to the right;

But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight—

The Fortunate Isles where the yellow-birds sing

And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far,

They lie within reach of the lowliest door;

You can see them gleam by the twilight star;

You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore.

Nay, never look back! Those leveled gravestones

They were landing-steps; they were steps unto thrones

Of glory for souls that have sailed before,

And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?

Why, Duty, and Love, and a large content.

Lo! these are the Isles of the watery miles,

That God let down from the firmament.

Lo! Duty and Love, and true man's trust,

Your forehead to God and your feet in the dust;

Lo! Duty, and Love, and a sweet babe's smiles,

And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

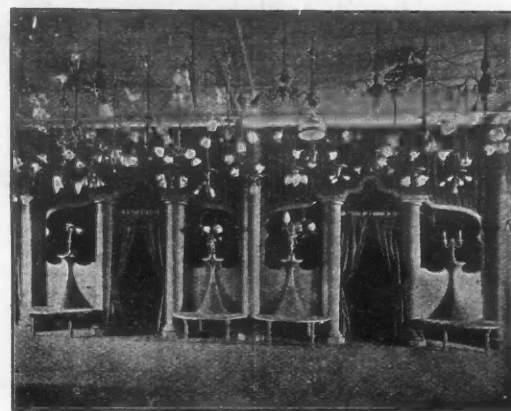
Henry J. Duveen, who not long ago paid more than \$5,000,000 for the famous Rudolph Kann art collection, began life as a blacksmith. Mr. Duveen was one of a number of young Dutch Jews who left their native land for England. Emigrating to Hull, he followed his trade, that of a blacksmith, for some time, but soon his faculty for getting on asserted itself. He went to London and became associated with a Holborn firm of jewelers, educated himself and mastered every detail of his work. Eventually he and his brother established the business in Bond street which has become famous all over the world.

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THE SKIN
Soft, Smooth,
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At
All Seasons

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ROUGHNESS
REDNESS
CHAPS
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ETC.

It is unequalled
as a
SKIN TONIC
as well as an
EMOLLIENT

It's the scientific mixing, the perfect cooking
ovens, and the very finest quality of ingredi-
ents that go to make

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Scotch
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POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

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OUR JAPANESE TEA ROOM

is becoming more and more popular every day with business men. A dainty lunch is served daily from 12 to 2. If you have not yet visited the Japanese Tea Room the first time you are in the vicinity of Yonge and Adelaide avail yourself of the opportunity.

CANDIES

At this season more than any other candies are in demand. We have them from 20 cts. to \$1 a pound, and they are unexcelled for purity.

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are correct now, for Gentlemen and Ladies—but we can show you best selection and value in the City. Clearing all our Winter Vests at reduced prices.

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DESIGNERS
ARTISTIC HOUSE FURNISHERS
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For shaving with our Razors? Try it. We give absolutely free, to any person sending One Dollar for our Magnetic Genuine Extra Hollow Ground Razor (electrically tempered best quality steel), one of the best made razors in Canada. Regular price \$8, including our free guaranteed razor strap, which retails at \$1, and Illustrated Catalogue. Mail now to The "Aros" Co., 43 Victoria St., Toronto.

The Misses Sternberg have sent out invitations for their annual fancy dress dance to their pupils. Owing to the large attendance at the various classes there will be two dances this season, one for junior members, to take place at Simpson Hall, on Tuesday, January 7, from 4 till 7 p.m.; the second for senior members of the classes which will be held at St. George's Hall on Wednesday, January 8, from 7 till 11 p.m. About 200 invitations have been issued.

Monsieur and Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere entertained at dinner on Thursday evening in their own charming French style.

The various "Homes" in this charitable city have had their trees and treats and "Santas" and all the appropriate Christmas doings. As usual the afternoon at the Orphan's Home owed most of its interest to the work of Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, who has trained the orphans to sing very nicely indeed. At the Boys' Home a jolly Christmas dinner enlisted the good offices of some gentlemen who are expert carvers, and who realized what a hundred small boys can do in the way of disposing of turkey.

Young Canadians Serving the King

LXXXI.



MR. C. W. W. McLEAN.
Lieutenant Royal Horse Artillery. Ex-Cadet Royal Military College of Canada, 1900.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Mr. Christopher Charles Robinson, eldest son of the late Christopher Robinson, K. C., of Beverley House, Toronto, and Miss Isabel Biggar, eldest daughter of Mr. C. W. R. Biggar, K. C., was celebrated at ten o'clock a.m. on New Year's eve, in St. George's church, Rev. Canon Cayley, assisted by Rev. E. C. Cayley, officiating. Only the relatives of the bride and groom were present at the ceremony, during which the choir sang several hymns, and Mr. Phillips presided at the organ. The Communion was celebrated after the marriage. There was no reception for the bride and groom, who have gone to Muskoka for their honeymoon. The bride was brought in by her father who gave her away; she wore a white costume and hat and was unattended. Mr. Blaise Eden Smith was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson will live for a time at Beverley House. Both have recently returned from abroad. The bride made her debut during the Mowat regime at Government House, and was one of the most attractive young girls of her year, her aunt, Miss Mowat, as well as the others of a large family connection, giving her a very bright and busy season in society.

At the advanced age of eighty-two, a clergyman, formerly well known in Toronto, passed away in England recently. Rev. Edwin Day was, long ago, one of the curates at Holy Trinity church, in days when it was one of the leading churches in the city. His family name has been matrimonially and baptismally coupled with the Baldwin family, and there are still old residents here to whom he was a personal friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Magann have spent the holidays in Paris and are going to Switzerland this month.

Mrs. Grasett gave a tea at her home in Simcoe street on Tuesday afternoon for young folks, at which several of the R. M. C. cadets were welcome guests. These young men have had a very gay vacation, in spite of the wretched weather in Christmas week, when the only fair afternoon was, fortunately, the one upon which the Stanley Barracks officers entertained.

The Hunt Club will be the scene of several gay dinners this evening. The Government House quartette of young ladies are to be guests of honor at one bright gathering.

Mrs. Schoenberger is back in town and again in possession of her spacious home in College street. A large tea was on the tapis yesterday, with this generous lady as hostess, and a house dance of quite an informal sort is on for next Monday.

Miss Mary Walton is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Murray McFarlane, who is also entertaining Miss Grace Holmes, daughter of Mrs. Charles Ross, of London. On New Year's eve Mrs. McFarlane gave a dance for the young people, when the house was decorated with holly and Christmas green, and the supper table was done in deep red roses and ribbons. A very jolly party of young folks bid adieu to 1907 and welcomed 1908.

Mr. and Mrs. James George entertained an intimate party at dinner on New Year's eve. Covers were laid for ten, and as is always the case when Mrs. George entertains, there were no dull moments.

Mrs. Stanley Clark gave a very pleasant dance on New Year's eve—one of the many which have kept the young set nimbly moving this week.

Mrs. Matthews gave a very pleasant dance last night. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross are up for the holidays.

The marriage of Mr. Reginald Holland Parmenter, nephew of Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, of Culloden, Toronto, and Miss Alice Hargraff, daughter of Mr. Alexander Hargraff, formerly of Cobourg, but now of Winnipeg, was celebrated in Holy Trinity church, Winnipeg, on Thursday, December 26, at half-past three o'clock. Rev. Archdeacon Fortin was the officiating clergyman. Miss Hargraff was brought in and given away by her father, and was beautifully gowned in a Princess robe of Liberty

satin with deep flounce and bertha of rare lace, tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower of lily of the valley and ferns. Miss Aldous was her only attendant, in a pale pink gown, with lace and black plumed picture hat. Her bouquet was of pink roses. Mr. Robert Waldie, of Glenhurst, Toronto, was best man, and Mr. H. C. Gooderham and Mr. H. J. Symington were ushers. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hargraff gave a reception at their home, Mrs. Hargraff looking very well in a white gown, and velvet hat, and carrying a sheaf of Beauty roses. The reception room was decorated with holly, under an arch of which the bride and groom received congratulations. The *dejeuner* was served from a buffet done with white roses. Mr. Parmenter is bringing his bride here to reside, and many friends have her welcome warm, while "Reg," as he has always been called, is so popular here that his large circle will swamp him in good wishes. Mrs. Parmenter left for the bridal trip in a brown velvet suit, with a brown hat trimmed with mink and a fine set of furs to match.

Miss McCall, of Simcoe, and Miss Alice Marshall, of London, are coming, next week, on a visit to Miss Macdonald, of Cona Lodge. Miss Macdonald and Mrs. Charles Macdonald are giving a tea in honor of the visitors on January 8.

There was a delightful dinner at Chudleigh on New Year's eve, but the usual jolly watchnight party was not on this year. Mr. Beardmore and his sister, Mrs. Fisk, and their guests went to the officers' dance at the Fort.

Miss Elsie Thorold arrived on New Year's day for a visit to her sister, Mrs. Mabey, in Scarth road.

Mr. W. Mackenzie King spent Christmas week with his people in Grange road.

The engagement of Miss Garrow, of St. George street, and Mr. John Standard, of Detroit, has interested the many Toronto friends of the winsome little lady.

Mr. Hugh A. Hoyles is the honorary secretary of the Argonaut's ball, which takes place next Friday.

Captain R. Pellatt is the honorary secretary of the Young Bachelors' dance at McConkey's next Wednesday. The patronesses of this smart event are Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord, Mrs. Cawthra Muock, Mrs. Jack Murray and Mrs. Duggan.

Miss Janet Duff, the Scotch contralto, whose singing delighted many last winter at the Gaelic League concerts, sang at Massey Hall on New Year's night for the last time, I am told, before leaving Canada for Boston. After her appearance last winter here, Miss Duff went to Montreal, and after dissolving partnership with her vivacious little colleague, Iona Robertson, accepted a position in a choir in Montreal. By the way, some Toronto friends have received the most original Christmas cards from Miss Robertson, who is now at her flat in South Kensington, London. Christmas and New Year greetings have also come from Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black and Master Ian, who are still at Aversham, Bucks, England.

Governor and Mrs. Braxton Bragg Comer, of Birmingham, Alabama, announce the engagement of their daughter, Catherine, to Mr. William Morley Buck, of Port Dover, Ontario. The marriage will take place next Tuesday in Birmingham. The bride-elect is a sister of Miss Eva Comer, who has frequently visited Mrs. J. E. Elliott in Toronto, and who will soon be the only unmarried daughter of a large family of girls.

Miss Violet Towner, North street, will receive to-day and on the first Saturday of each month this season.

Mrs. Oswald Grundy and her family are now settled in their new home in North street, No. 34.

Mrs. J. A. Campbell (nee Anderson), of Ottawa, will receive for the first time since her marriage on Thursday and Friday, January 9 and 10, at 257 Davenport road.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cambie have taken Mrs. Strath's house in Bedford road for the winter, until their new home on the hill is completed.

Mrs. R. B. Skinner (nee Gillies), of Vancouver, is in town on a visit to her people.

Mrs. James Robertson, Admiral road, is expecting her sister, Mrs. Tylee, from Montreal on a visit shortly.

Professor and Mrs. William Clark have returned from Preston Springs. The professor has resigned from many of his duties on account of failing health, and regret is everywhere expressed by the crowds of people who enjoyed his preaching and the Trinity men who benefited by his deep knowledge and gift of imparting it.

The engagement of Miss Eleanor Creighton and Mr. William Leggett, of Hamilton, is announced. Miss Creighton's lovely and picturesque face has brightened most of our smart functions, and good wishes are many to her.

Mr. and Mrs. James Plummer and Mr. Charlie Plummer have been in town for the holidays, domiciled at the King Edward.

On Christmas day the marriage of Mrs. Sweetnam, daughter of Mrs. C. H. Gooderham, Sherbourne street, and Dr. Cameron Robertson Stewart, of London, England, was quietly solemnized at Mrs. Gooderham's residence, by Rev. S. Cleaver, D.D. Dr. and Mrs. Stewart sail this day week for England on the Lusitania.

Mrs. Wallace Helliwell has been visiting her people in town. Mr. Helliwell has a good position in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Bristol has Miss Hess, of Philadelphia, on a visit, and is giving a house dance on Tuesday night for her guest.

The mayoralty contest this week interested a big section of society, as two of the candidates, each of whom was "placed," are well-known. Mr. Reginald Geary has been usher at so many weddings that he bids fair to wrest from Mr. Ernest Cattanauch the record. Mr. Oliver and his hospitable wife entertained several times last season in their handsome new home in Sherbourne street, near Bloor. Mr. Oliver's victory and Mr. Geary's excellent run for second place evoked hearty congratulations.



A Skirt that is Practical

Model 22, as cut shown, is one of our most attractive styles, making a particularly smart skirt for street wear. This model requires 5 yds. of 64-inch goods for ordinary length skirt.

Pleatings made for flounces, neck ruffs, waists, fancy bows, etc.

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144 Yonge St., TORONTO

"I really don't believe that you particularly wanted to hear me sing," said a young lady coyly. "I did, indeed," her admirer protested, "I had never heard you before."—Pick-me-up.

Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

"POLITICS," exclaimed Bismarck angrily, "spoils the character." It also spoils the novelist. At least Mr. Ward Clark tells us in the New York Bookman that from the time Sir Gilbert Parker joined the House of Commons and achieved knighthood, his career, while it may have its place in the political history of England, in the annals of literature assuredly it will not appear. "Not one of the characters in 'The Weavers,' says Mr. Clark, "is a real human being, and the plot is, in many of its ingredients, rather distressingly melodrama." To quote further:

"The setting is perhaps better; but it is hard to appreciate the beauty of a stage scene all decorated over with wooden figures of men. The realists of them, certain of the subsidiary personages, are shadowy and indistinct. Those that stand in the full light betray by the unlikeliest precision of their movements their mechanical origin. They are qualities with personal names. David, the hero, if he were suddenly to come to life, would loath himself as an impossible prig. Not one of the principal characters lives in my memory as a distinct person."

All the characters, remarks the Evening Post, talk at great length, and every event is narrated at least twice, sometimes oftener. "It is hard to believe that 'The Weavers' comes from the same hand which once gave so thoughtful and sincere a study as Charley in 'The Right of Way.'" The London Times concludes its review with perhaps unconscious humor: "The effect of the long, elaborate book with its abundance of description and its fluency of reflection is, of course, praiseworthy, but distinction or vitality it has not."

Robert W. Service, the young Yukon poet, seems to be coming into his own. The "Songs of a Sourdough," are receiving wide recognition, and are being reprinted by the most discriminating reviews in the United States and in England. In America no journal selects verse with finer taste than The Argonaut, of San Francisco, or Current Literature, of New York; and in England there are few better judges of what constitutes poetry than Public Opinion, of London. Each of these reproduces in its current issue one of Mr. Service's poems.

That extremely useful book of reference, the Canadian Almanac, has been issued for 1908, by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited, publishers, Toronto. This is the sixty-first volume of the series, and it is, if possible, more than usually valuable. The mass of information it contains in condensed form makes the Almanac practically indispensable to a large class of Canadians, including business and professional men, and those, such as journalists, who, in their work are constantly in need of such a handy book of reference.

The Bookman, of the Winnipeg Free Press—and a very well-informed and discriminating bookman he is—in writing of Ethelwyn Wetherald's recently published volume of "Lyrics and Sonnets," says:

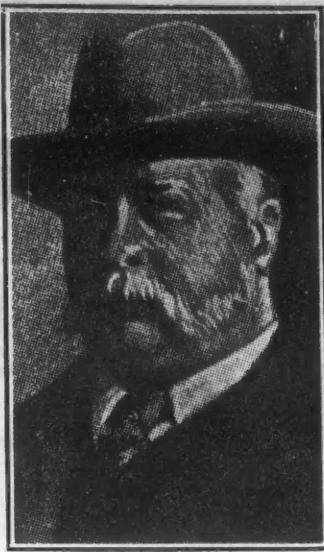
By the time one comes to the Sonnets one knows that Miss Wetherald can hold her own with the best Canadian poets. One of these entitled "Words," beginning:

"I like those words that carry in their veins
The blood of lions."

makes one think she might write a sonnet on the word "Canada," I do not know how it is with others, but the older I grow, the greater significance does that word hold; and when I read it in some worthy context or hear it on the lips of some winning speaker, it thrills like a call to service for some national cause. We ought to love our land with love bought from the storied past and brooding over the tremendous present. I am grateful to know that the Women's Canadian Club has been launched with such enthusiasm. It is surely of highest portent that the first note struck was the word "home."

The Winnipeg Free Press says: The poem, "The Red River Voyageur" which is responsible for the regard in which Whittier is held by the people of Manitoba, particularly, and by the people of the whole West and even of the Dominion, in a general way, is one which deserves its popularity. It is the favorite poem of the school children of to-day, and it is extremely doubtful that any other lyric will ever dispute its right to precedence.

Some day the West may breed a poet



JOHN ROBSON CAMERON.

EDITOR OF THE HAMILTON SPECTATOR, WHO DIED SUDDENLY ON SUNDAY LAST.

who will sing a song of the prairie to rival Whittier's, but it is not likely. It is probable that through all time the effort of the Quaker poet of New England will remain, as it is to-day, supreme in the hearts of Manitoban people, as a lyric of their homeland:

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of his long red chain,
Through belts of dusky pineland,
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times the smoke wreath
With the distant cloud-rack joins;
'Tis the smoke of the hunting lodges
Of the wild Assiniboines.

Dreadfully blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the river,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild geese,
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman mission
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Even so in mortal journey,
The bitter north winds blow;
And thus upon Life's red river,
Our hearts like oarsmen row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow faint with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar;

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his relief
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace.

"I have never been able," John Addington Symonds once said, "to take literature very seriously; life seems so much graver, more important, more permanently interesting than books." And this, one may argue, is bound to be the attitude of the vast majority



DR. W. BEATTIE NESBITT.
A BURLY FIGURE IN POLITICS WHO WAS DEFEATED FOR THE MAYORALTY IN A SENSATIONAL CONTEST ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

of mankind, says Current Literature. Fact is stranger than fiction, and practical men will always turn to reality rather than to its shadow or reflection. The New York Outlook, indeed, has been so deeply impressed by the growing vogue of the newspaper and by popular absorption in the events of the day rather than in books, that it recently asked three of our veteran authors—Edward Everett Hale, J. T. Trowbridge and Thomas Wentworth Higginson—to express their views on this whole subject, in reply to questions thus formulated: Is it not possible that in periods of such intense activity as our own the daily story of fact may take the place, to a certain extent, of the serial story of imagination? Is it not possible that there may be, at times, a rivalry in this sense between literature and life?

None of the three authors addressed answers these questions directly, but all have stimulating reflections to offer. Dr. Hale seems to feel that there cannot be, in any real sense, a rivalry between literature and life. The creative spirit expresses itself in literature as in life, and there is more reading done to-day than ever before. "If you mean to take the world of to-day and the people of to-day," says Dr. Hale, "and to compare their reading of fiction with the reading of 1857 they read at least fifty times as much fiction as men and women did then." Mr. Trowbridge is also of the opinion that novel-reading is on the increase. He remarks that the assistants in the public library which he most frequents smile incredulously at the hint of any decline in the reading of fiction. But of course, he says, the modern daily paper is bound to divert some attention from more serious forms of literature.

Colonel Higginson suggests another aspect of the subject. The truth seems to be, he says, that the best literature is simply a transcript of human life, whether shown in its highest or its lowest form. In this sense, there should be co-operation not rivalry, between literature and life.

Harper's Magazine announces that its editors received for consideration during one year, 22,000 manuscripts. The present issue of Harper's contains twenty-two contributions, including two serials. In a year this would amount to 264 contributions, the larger portion of which are, of course, by writers of reputation.

"Old Quebec, the City of Champlain," is the title of a unique booklet, written by Emily P. Weaver (author of "A Canadian History for Boys and Girls," "Builders of the Dominion," etc.), and illustrated by Annie E. Weaver. The volume is published by William Briggs, Toronto, and reflects credit on the publishing house of which he is the presiding head. It contains much interesting matter relating to the famous old French-Canadian city, much information not to be found in guide books and similar volumes. The illustrations are also of unusual interest.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's latest novel, "The Ancestors," is full of epigrams characteristic of the writer. Here are some of them: Conquests fall on a woman in seven years. In time other things also cease to satisfy—books, and dreams, and sunset, and liberty. When this finishes she will suddenly demand happiness—the real thing. Then she will love.

When clever women realize that they are a sex apart, and wait until their first youth at least is over before selecting a companion among men, then will the world have taken its first step towards real happiness.

First love is merely a sort of curtain-raiser. In marriage it may develop into something worth while, but in itself amounts to nothing—except as material for poets.

Life is packed with little unheard-of dramas of the eternal duel of sex; nothing else keeps it going.

A woman incapable of passion is neither more nor less than a failure.

From the beginning of time the misery of the world has been caused by the superstition that love was all.

Real happiness may lie in forgetting that love is selfish.

If one can be happy without love, why run the risks?

A woman in love is eagerly psychological; she longs to discover once for all her sex and herself.

To be married and have ten children has kept more women up to the correct standard than anything else, except poverty.

Women invariably substitute the word "misunderstood" for failure to accept their point of view.

On Christmas eve the marriage of Miss Rodie Campbell and Dr. William Warner Jones was solemnized in the beautiful new Presbyterian church in Avenue road, Rev. J. W. Stephen officiating.

THE WHITEWEAR SALE

"If It's Common It's Not Simpson's."



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whitewear as sold by this store is the kind of whitewear women who love dainty things will always choose, whether it be January or June. It is Simpson whitewear, every bit of it. Need we say more than that?

It's DAINTY first, last and always.
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None of it is coarse or trashy.
It is finished well, the work is neat and thorough.

It is liberally sized, nothing skimped or reduced, save prices.

That is the kind of whitewear we are selling in this January Sale, and we are selling it "Januarly"—that is, wonderfully cheap. We have prepared to eclipse all former Januarys, and we are going to confirm the Simpson reputation for daintiness, no matter the price.

NIGHT DRESSES, all fine qualities, 50c. to \$6.00.

PETTICOATS, all fine qualities, 50c. to \$18.00.

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MATCHED BRIDAL SETS, all finest qualities, in three-piece sets, \$4.50 to \$15.00 each.

MATCHED BRIDAL SETS, all finest qualities, in four-piece sets, \$7.25 to \$32.00 each.

MAIDS' APRONS, all fine qualities, 35c. to 85c. each.

OVERALL APONS, all fine qualities, 50c. to 83c. each.

THE ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO

LONGBOAT AND SULLIVAN

FOR ways that are dark and tricks that will likely prove vain, Jas. A. Sullivan and the A. A. U. are there with a surplus. A communication to Tom Flanagan to the effect that the A. A. U. are ready to apply the whitewash to Longboat if he sends in an application and promises to compete at the Pastime Athletic Club's games, on January 27, clearly shows that Sullivan is getting wise to the fact that a man is not necessarily a professional because he doesn't run in Jas. A. Sullivan's interests. But Mr. Sullivan doesn't back up suddenly, oh, no! His word was all that was necessary to black-list Longboat in the States, no one else was heard of in the matter. There was no investigation; Flanagan's finisher competed at an unsanctioned meet in Buffalo and Mr. Sullivan swung his axe, Longboat fell, but not alone; there were two others at the meet who were becoming quite too formidable to be allowed to compete against A. A. U. athletes, viz.: Tom Coley and Con Walsh. They got the axe, too. That Flanagan had been told that the sanction was alright, didn't make any difference, Mr. Sullivan knew that the sanction had been withheld and that settled it. The Canadians were not consulted, and if they had any defence they had no right to have it. Sullivan's word was the big noise that made pros. out of better amateurs than his own stable held and that was all there was to it.

That happened away back in August and no doubt the Canadians would have continued to be undesirable in the States, during Sullivan's reign, if things had run smoothly in A. A. U. circles, but some unexpected developments in regard to Matt Halpin's appointment as chaperone of the Olympic team, together with charges against Ralph Rose, have brought about a change of policy in the A. A. U. executive.

The Irish Americans don't want Halpin looking after their athletes during the Olympiad, and they do want their best men to compete against Longboat this winter. They have declared themselves ready to fight Sullivan in both cases. The Irish Americans cut somewhat of a swath in American athletics and Sullivan, the despotic ruler of the past, can see his finish if it really comes to a fight. For some reason he wants to win in the Halpin controversy; there is a chance that he can placate the Irish and make Halpin solid if he opens the way for their men to meet Longboat. But their insubordination to the athletic czar cannot be overlooked altogether, and they will have to stand back and see the Pastime Club, one of the pet organizations, get the first Longboat gate in New York.

And then there are the charges against Rose. When Mr. Sullivan brought his stall-feds to Montreal last fall to keep faith with the Federation, he divided his time between telling the Feds that Longboat was out forever, as far as he was concerned, and patting himself on the back because the A. A. U. had in its ranks the greatest shot-putter in the world. An item in these columns at the time called attention to the fact that there had been some unsavory things said about Rose when he made his getaway from the University of Michigan, a few years ago, and now the president of Stamford University comes right out and accuses the sporting fraternity of Ann Arbor with hiring professionals like Ralph Rose to uphold the athletic standards

of Michigan. Sullivan is credited with saying that if Rose is a professional he must get out, but it's safe betting that he's hoping the Longboat reinstatement will help to offset the quietude that is sure to prevail in the Rose case until after the return from England. Tommy Longboat doesn't need to apply for reinstatement in the A. A. U. His engagements during the past year, even the Buffalo one, have been investigated by the C. A. A. U., and every thing has been declared to the good by Secretary Crow. If the A. A. U. want him let the A. A. U. come out and tell the people that President Sullivan conducted the affair in a high-handed manner, and give the public a chance to get close to the truth. The penalty for taking part in an unsanctioned meet should, at the most, have meant but a couple of months' suspension, but this man Sullivan repeatedly made the statement that Longboat was out for all time. Let the Irish stand pat. Things seem to be coming their way and there is no reason for them to call.

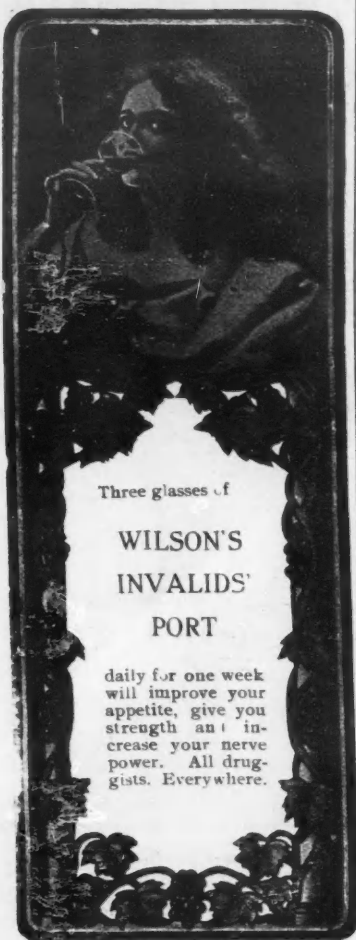
A number of Swedes were discussing Republicanism one day, and a stalwart, grey-bearded stranger, who was an auditor, smiled in obvious disagreement. One of the disputants challenged him: "Perhaps, sir, you would be good enough to favor us with your views in favor of monarchical government?" he said. "Oh, I have the most excellent reasons," was the reply. "The first and foremost among them is that I am Oscar, King of Sweden." He loved his people sincerely, but he knew them thoroughly. "They want a sovereign," he told a British statesman. "They want a sovereign, but they want a sovereign for sixpence."

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brands combined



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daily for one week
will improve your
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The Chicago Heat Regulator keeps even heat, whether the weather outside be below zero or above freezing. That means health and 25 per cent. coal saved.
The "Time Set" and thermostat keep the temperature just as you want it all the time. Set it cool at night and the clock starts the fire up at any hour in the morning. No getting up early to warm up the house. Send for our Free Booklet to-day, which gives all particulars. Don't wait for winter.
Otterville Mfg. Co., - Otterville, Can.



Synopsis of Canadian North-west HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than six miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowance crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE LADIES' WORK DEPOSITORY

Room 8—No. 9 Toronto St.

Our stock of Housewives' Evening Mitts, Children's Woolen Garments and 187 other varieties of pretty and useful things.

You will surely buy and the recipient's eyes will sparkle.

SPORTING COMMENT

It is a long time since Toronto and vicinity have been favored with such a long spell of utterly useless weather as has prevailed for the past three weeks. Of course, it is well known that Toronto is the geographical centre of the slush belt, but it must be confessed, that during the time mentioned, our peculiar December climate outdid itself, and the only person able to extract a ray of hope from the area of depression has been the overshoe man.

Those Christmas tales from Victoria, B. C., describing the vagrant blooms that may be plucked in the open air at this season, awaken no enthusiasm in this part of the world. It has become a twice-told tale, and does not gibe with our traditions of what winter should be like, but when we read that up North they have real ice—thousands of square miles of it with no one to curl or skate or it—then the limit of human endurance is reached, and we speak right out in meetin' to the effect that Toronto has the worst winter climate of any one place between Baffin Bay and Havana. Why this unfortunate burg has been marked for the signal displeasure of Jupe Pluvius, Esq., even the weather-sharps seem unable to tell us, but one thing is certain, his bleak-eyed attitude is permanent, and it behooves us to see to it that all the glorious traditions of the Canadian winter do not fall upon the shoulders of Montreal, Ottawa and other unworthy places.

There is only one way out of it—artificial ice. Artificial snow, as a commercial possibility, is still beyond the reach of the scientist, so the ski and snowshoe enthusiasts must needs await the pleasure of the elements, but the skater and the braw lads of the besom and stane are bound by no such limitations. It has been proved, times without number, that an ice surface, artificially produced, is not only practically but financially feasible, and the fact that we have been pottering along all these years at the mercy of a climate that doesn't know its own mind for two hours at a stretch, is not much of a tribute to our commercial alertness or our enthusiasm for sport.

A proposition of this kind will require money—lots of it, but the investment would pay an attractive dividend, and be as safe as provincial bonds, if properly run.

Now is the time to get in line with Pittsburgh, New York, and other live places. They regard the slush rink as a relic of the dead past, and we should be big enough and sporting enough to be able to keep up with the procession in this regard.

THE Shamrock Hockey team opened the season last Saturday night by trimming Montreal by 10 to 4. This is worthy of notice, but when we glance over the names of the players, we have to look again to make sure it's the Shamrocks we are reading about. The strong Hibernian cast to the roll call of the lacrosse team is here conspicuous by its absence. Not a Brennan, not a Hoobin, not a Murphy or a Howard, but in their stead we read Nicholson, Marshall, Gardner and — shades of the hereditary kings of Donnybrook, do we see alright! Yes, there they are—Laviollette and Pitre.

We could write an epic on this, that would wring tears from the flinty rock, but for sweet charities' sake we refrain. Of a verity, professional sport bringeth various and divers athletes to the stratch together.

THE intimation received from the other side of the line that Loneboat's suspension by the A.A.U. will be raised if he make application, should be handled very gingerly at this end of the line. There is a string attached to this proposition, and it is to the effect that Loneboat consent to run at the games of the Pastime A.C. in February. In view of the fact that Loneboat was suspended without any reliable evidence being submitted, the raising of the suspension should be voluntary on the part of the A.A.U., and without any preliminary kow-towing from Loneboat.

There are certain centres over there that know the Indian, as a drawing card, is superior to all the stall-feds they can scrape together, and they are making a noise like a beehive in the presidential sanctum, so it won't hurt at all to let matters rest for a while, and give certain persons an opportunity of bringing their heads down to normal dimensions. The autocratic government that seems necessary to large athletic affiliations finds its full fruition in the A. A. U., but at certain times it leans perceptibly toward an absolute monarchy, with James E. Sullivan as Supreme Stinger. Like other monarchs, he occasionally over-reaches himself, and then the graceful and diplomatic back-down is in order.

Perhaps we had better wait awhile, so the operation may be complete and sincere.

RUMOR has it that a prominent western player has signed a contract for \$2,000 to play hockey in the East this season. If this is the case and the sum is probably not far short of this amount, the clubs are faced with the problem: "How long can this go on?" Naturally a professional player will sell his services to the highest bidder, and the club which can afford it will attract all the "stars." Probably two clubs will usurp all the interest in the league, with the consequence that the other matches will be sparsely attended and gates will suffer in consequence.

The wherewithal to pay professionals, in clubs which have to depend on the gates, is limited to a certain fairly well defined figure. The season for climatic reasons cannot be stretched, and only in exceptional cases can prices be raised. Thus if admission receipts fall off, even less money will be available to pay professionals. That means that men and bodies of men will be forced to run hockey clubs at a loss, if such teams are to remain extant. And it is by no means certain that such bodies of men will be found. It seems more probable that the clubs in a league will unite in a common protective society, with a limit upon the price which they will pay. The professionals may then bind themselves in a union. Capital versus Labor, with the honors in favor of labor, seems to be the present position. It is a question of supply and demand.

AT Hamilton, beginning on January 14, and lasting for three days, will be held the annual gathering of trap-shooters and the championships will be shot off. It is expected that there will be a large attendance of crack shots. On this



J. E. CANTELON, CLINTON.
Canadian Live Bird Champion, 1907.

page is given a portrait of "Ed." Cantelon, of Clinton, present holder of the title of Canadian Live Bird Champion, won at Hamilton last year. Mr. Cantelon has won the title three times, in 1900, 1903 and 1907, and will be in the competition again this year.

Lady (meeting Mary, who was once her servant)—Why, Mary, how are you? Where are you living now?

Mary—Thank you, mum, I ain't living nowhere now—I'm married.—London Sketch.

"I understand you have perfected another great invention." "Yes," answered the scientist, modestly. "Is it on the market?" "Oh, it wasn't intended for the market. It's for the magazines."—Washington Star.

Visitor—Your husband, the doctor, is pacing up and down the room so excitedly; he seems ill. Wife of the Physician—I should think he is! Why he has just had to forbid himself beer!—Transatlantic Tales.

A Georgia paper says: "He who rides on the rail courts death." It was an Irishman, ridden on a rail, who said that except for the honor of the thing he would just as soon walk.—Houston Post.

Jiggs—She tried to cure his whisky habit by putting a cure for drunkenness in his coffee. Jiggs—Did he stop drinking? Jiggs—Yes; stopped drinking coffee.—The Club Fellow.

Cook—Heavens, the Missus is coming! Quick, into the linen closet! Policeman—What, not into the pantry? Mina, is that true love?—Translated from Megendorfer Blatter.

"Well, you can't possibly find any fault with this perfect day," chirped the optimist. "No," grunted the pessimist, "but it's a storm breeder."—Washington Herald.

Big Game Trophies Lost to Canada

Story of the Finest Collection of
Heads and Horns in America,
which has gone from Victoria,
B. C. to New York.

THROUGH apparent indifference to its value the finest group of heads, skins and horns of American big game in existence, which for several years has been housed by the Union Club, of Victoria, B. C., has been allowed to go to New York, a resident of that city having purchased the collection for the comparatively trifling sum of \$5,000, and presented it to the New York Zoological Society in Bronx Park. Not only is the collection of deep interest to sportsmen and naturalists, but to the public at large, for these gigantic heads of bear, walrus, caribou, moose and elk are larger and more beautiful than any others that have ever been assembled. They come from British Columbia, long famous as the haunt of the largest game animals on this hemisphere, and from the Kenai peninsula.

The depredations of trophy-seekers as well as the incessant drain of meat-hunting Indians have sadly depleted the ranks of these animals. The Indian is their worst enemy, for to the voracity of the savage he adds the critical taste of the gourmet. He will not eat the meat of the male moose, elk or caribou if he can possibly slaughter the female, whose flesh is tenderer. The effect of this practice has been already discovered in the great decrease of game in the north, and it is not improbable that most of these families will soon be extinct, save for a few isolated groups in remote fastnesses. It is certain (says Harper's Weekly of New York) that there can never be a chance to accumulate another collection of specimens as excellent as those gathered by A. S. Reed and now presented to the New York Zoological Society by Emerson McMillin, of New York, well known as a connoisseur of art and a hunter of big game.

Mr. Reed is an Englishman with a fondness for life in the open, a keen taste for big game shooting, and abundant time and means to gratify it. While staying in Victoria, British Columbia, eight years ago, he learned about the great brown bears of Alaska, beside whom the polar bears are as cubs; he heard stirring tales of the splendid moose, caribou and mountain sheep which few white men had ever seen. Also he was told of the incredible hardships of the frozen north, of days and nights so cold that ordinary instruments could not register its intensity, of the imminent danger of death by starvation should the big animals stray too far from the haunts of the Indians.

These tales stirred the Englishman's enthusiasm. Instead of going into the edge of the game district in the fall and fleeing at the first signs of winter's approach, which is the custom of white sportsmen, Mr. Reed spent the entire winter with the aborigines, living in their teepees, eating the messes of fat meats and shrubs that the squaws stewed, and enduring discomforts, the mere suggestion of which is enough to make the average man, living amid the comforts of civilization, shiver by his luxurious fireside. Moreover, the intrepid hunter returned to the frozen forest winter after winter for half a dozen seasons. But the Englishman had his reward, for there fell to his gun a great number of the largest and most splendid animals ever secured by a white man in the dim recesses of the northern wild.

The heads, horns and skins of the best specimens were preserved with great care by the Indians, under Mr. Reed's direction, and carried down to Victoria for treatment by skilled taxidermists. As the animals were killed during the extremity of winter the antlers and pelage were at their best. The entire collection, preserved with the utmost art and care and beautifully mounted, was loaned by Mr. Reed to the Union Club of Victoria, of which he was a member, and there it was much admired during the last four years by tourists and sportsmen from all parts of the world.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Charles Sheldon, and other noted American naturalists viewed the collection, and urged that something should be done to keep it in America. Mr. Reed was asked to put a price on it, and he named \$10,000 as the figure. But for many months no one appeared on behalf of the public to purchase it. Meantime there were several narrow escapes. When Prince Henry of Battenberg was in America, two years ago, commanding a squadron of the British navy, one of his offi-



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cers journeyed to Victoria for the express purpose of buying the collection as a present for the Prince. But Mr. Reed had returned to England and left no agent to make a sale, so the officer had to go away unsatisfied.

Dr. William T. Hornaday, curator of the New York Zoological Society, was so impressed by the necessity of preserving for the American people this collection of specimens and trophies, which probably can never be duplicated, that he wrote to Mr. Reed in England, explained the desirability of adding them to the National collection, and asked him to name a price. Mr. Reed reduced his valuation to \$5,000, and when Dr. Hornaday showed his letter to Mr. McMillan that sportsman at once contributed the necessary \$5,000, besides \$500 for the cost of packing and shipment. The trophies, in excellent condition, were received at the New York Zoological Park, in the Bronx, a few days ago, and it was with a lively sense of gratitude for Mr. McMillin's timely aid that the curator soon afterward learned of the recent arrival in New York of a would-be buyer of the collection. This was a famous German sportsman of great wealth, on his way to Victoria, determined to pay \$10,000 for the exhibit and take it to Germany. He was too late.

The Reed specimens are all of unusual excellence. One of the handsomest of them is the skin and head of a great brown Alaskan bear from Kadiak Island. It is big enough to cover nearly all the floor space in the ordinary city bedroom. Here is Mr. Reed's characteristic memorandum about the animal: "The largest bear I ever saw. It measured ten feet six inches by nine feet, and three feet eight inches around the head. Measures now, with head set up, about nine feet six inches by nearly nine feet." Mere figures give but a faint idea of the vastness of this carnivorous monster, who weighed in life three-quarters of a ton. The great skin, with its deep, shaggy fur ranging in hue from blackish brown to a pale chestnut tint at the head, the long, thick, curved claws, and the gleaming white teeth, still preserves a weird shadow of ferocity as it occupies half the space of one wall. This has been pronounced the finest of all bearskins and worth at least \$1,000 by no less an authority than Paul Niedieck. Besides this there are six mounted heads of Kadiak bears (*Ursus middendorffii*), very thick, tremendously broad above the eyes, affording startling pictures of ferocity and power.

There are six caribou heads (*Rangifer osborni*) from the Kenai peninsula, a region in which these creatures are now practically extinct. The finest one of these heads was secured in the Cassiar Mountains, and Madison Grant has adjudged it the best caribou head in the world. The great antlers have more than forty points, and the lowest articulations run together over the forehead in a formidable wedge that looks keen and powerful enough to cleave through stout bones and the thickest sinews. The other five heads are almost as large and symmetrical.

Before the six enormous moose heads in this collection the oldest hunter will stand agape in admiration. The greatest prize in the lot bears a pair of antlers that spreads six feet four inches from tip to tip, and whose palmation is only a fraction under two feet in width. The sober recorder of facts cannot avoid a certain reluctance in chronicling these dimensions. They suggest old Tony Weller's announcement of "a collec-

tion of fabulous animals." But the antlers are there to bear witness for themselves, and they can be measured any day. The moose who bore them was shot in midwinter on the west side of the Kenai peninsula at the head of Cook's Inlet. Two jagged bullet holes in the stark frontal bone give mute testimony of Mr. Reed's unerring skill with the rifle. Perhaps the best idea of the size of these antlers is gained when one notes that when they are up-ended the prongs tower nearly a foot above the head of the average man.

But these trophies are only the chief prizes of this collection. There are besides many other examples of big game, including heads of the rare white mountain-sheep, seven pairs of walrus tusks mounted on shields, also two walrus heads with expressions of portentous solemnity on their vacuous faces, which, by the way, are ornamented with spiny whiskers of whose origin or use no man knoweth.

"Please, mum," began the aged hero in appealing tones, as he stood at the kitchen door on washday, "I've lost my leg—" "Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman, slamming the door.—Everybody's Magazine.

"E Pluribus Unum" means 'one out of many,' doesn't it?" said the man with a headache. "Yes." "Well, I'm glad they let that motto stand. As I inspect my last dollar, it seems mighty appropriate."—Washington Star.

Canadian banks are invading the tropics with a vengeance. There are now nineteen branches of Canadian banks in Cuba, Porto Rico, Jamaica and Trinidad, while another branch in a sunny climate, making a total of twenty, is the Bank of Montreal's in Mexico City. These branches in the far South have proved big money-makers for Canadian banks, as some of them, like the Royal head branch in Havana, do part of the Government business.

A list of the tropical branch banks is as follows:

Caguas, Porto Rico, Union, Halifax; Camaguey, Cuba, Royal Bank; Cardenas, Cuba, Royal Bank; Cienfuegos, Cuba, Royal Bank; Cienfuegos, Cuba, Bank of Nova Scotia; Havana, Cuba, Bank of Nova Scotia; Havana, Cuba, Royal Bank; Havana, Cuba, Royal Bank; Kingston, Jamaica, Bank of Nova Scotia; Mandeville, Jamaica, Bank of Nova Scotia; Matanzas, Cuba, Royal Bank; Manzanillo, Cuba, Royal Bank; Montego Bay, Jamaica, Bank of Nova Scotia; Ponce, Porto Rico, Union, Halifax; Port Antonio, Jamaica, Bank Nova Scotia; Port of Spain, B.W.I., Union, Halifax; Santiago, Cuba, Royal Bank; San Juan, Porto Rico, Royal Bank; San Juan, Porto Rico, Union, Halifax; Mexico City, Bank of Montreal.

It will be noticed that the Royal has made a specialty of Cuba, the Union of Porto Rico, while the Nova Scotia has a monopoly of Jamaica.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband, "I'm looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, ma'am," replied the polite floor-walker, "if he's a very small man, maybe you'd better use both eyes."—The Watchman.

A Kansas butcher was somewhat surprised a few days ago to receive the following note of instruction from a customer: "Dear Sir, Please do not send me any more meete yet, I have butchered myself."—The Watchman.

"How do you like my wine?" "It fairly makes my mouth water!" —Translated from Le Rire.

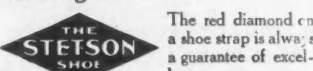
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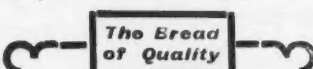
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HIS PREROGATIVE

A SKETCH FROM AN AUSTRALIAN MINING TOWN By STEFAN VON KOTZE

"ROBERT!" exclaimed Mrs. Haller in great excitement from behind her morning paper. "Our shares are rising! They are already quoted at M. 230!"

Mr. Haller looked up, snatched the paper from his wife and verified the fact.

"And to think," continued the lady, "that you bought them only yesterday for 25 pfennigs apiece!"

"Hm," grunted Mr. Haller.

"Now you will sell them, dearie, won't you. A thousand shares at M. 230 each, that's 2,300 marks! Oh Robert!" And she felt quite overcome by the stroke of luck that had suddenly come to their home.

Mr. Haller was in the dumps that morning. The night before he had helped to celebrate some event; what it was he could not for the life of him remember; everything that had happened during the night was enveloped in a vague mist. It does not require much of an event in any small North Queensland town to call forth a celebration, even among the older and more staid citizens. The desolate country, the enervating climate, the lack of all intellectual stimulus demoralize the brain worker, the business man, perhaps even more rapidly in that country than the muscle worker. And alcohol is the only thing that varies the monotony, especially alcohol in the powerful form in which it is drunk in the hot North of Australia.

The glad news revived Mr. Haller to a certain extent and he had quite recovered from the "next-morning headache" by the time he left the house and walked to his office, which was located in the vicinity of the swampy little harbor bordered by mangrove trees.

"Devilish luck, those stocks!" he murmured, as he walked along the hot dusty road and turned into the "Drink and Die Hotel" for a bracer.

And no doubt he was right. The "Wild Dog Mine No. 3" had a pretty stormy past, made up chiefly of disappointments and bankruptcies. Now and then, at long intervals, a bit of phenomenally rich gold ore was struck. But these pockets were small, and, as the management knew how to utilize such finds for its own purposes and paid enormous dividends—or at least promised to pay them—in order to be able to dispose of its own stock at maximum prices, the meager times which followed were always extremely meager. This sudden rise in the market meant again one of those periodical booms, and Mr. Haller made up his mind to sell as soon as possible. He entered his office and opened his safe with a contented smile.

The stock was gone!

Haller stood as though he had been struck by lightning. Then he pulled out books and portfolios with feverish haste; he crept under the desk and poked behind it; he searched in the waste-paper basket and under the matting. In vain. Finally he dropped into a chair in complete despair and groaned loud. The stock was gone!

The dumps returned with renewed vigor, and instinctively he reached for his hat and went over to the hotel. To the North Queensland bar is what the church is to the believer; a refuge in time of trouble, a port of safety in storm and danger.

"Hello, old boy!" they greeted him. "Going to wet your whistle? You are a lucky dog, 'pon my word!"

Haller did not look particularly happy. He drank his whisky with an equivocal groan. The other man continued: "I understand the Wild Dogs have gone up another mark. You are going to sell, aren't you?"

Haller looked uncertainly at his companion. That was surely adding insult to injury. But of course, the other man could not know. Suddenly a new idea lighted up his woe-begone face. He pulled himself together, forced a wintry smile to his lips and began to speak: "Have another drink?" The question: "Have a drink?" is always a fitting introduction in North Queensland.

"I don't mind. I don't feel particularly well myself to-day. Beastly heavy drinking last night."

"Y-e-es. Hm, did I tell you that I bought a thousand Wild Dogs No. 3?"

"Tell me? Good heavens! Why, you showed us the shares last night! Don't you remember? You took them along when we left."

"Why, yes, of course! Well, so long, old man. See you later."

Out in the street, which shone white in the hot sunshine, Mr. Haller stood still for quite a while, struggling with his rebellious memory. But what he had done with the shares he could not remember.

"I took them away with me from the office," he reasoned; "that much is certain. And I did not leave them here; hence they must be at home."

He turned around resolutely and walked wearily in the direction of his distant home, trying to persuade himself that he was perfectly calm.

"Robert!" exclaimed his wife, raising her eyebrows in surprise; "has anything happened?"

"What should have happened?" the amiable husband grumbled testily. "I left some letters here; that's all." And he slammed the door behind him. Half an hour later he emerged again from the house with a scowling face.

"Did you find the letters?" inquired Mrs. Haller.

"Yes," he lied with a firm voice, as though to indicate that he wished the conversation ended once for all.

"Do tell me one thing more, dear," the intimidated lady ventured to say; "have you sold the shares yet?"

He looked at her fiercely, and she drew back frightened. "Will you kindly mind your own business and leave me mine!" he said gruffly, and on the threshold he added: "I am holding them for a rise."

She did not dare remonstrate. But she was assailed by anxious doubts, the Wild Dog was not a mine to be fooled with. But on the other hand, Robert must know best. But the latter, as soon as he was out of hearing, cursed his bad luck and the Wild Dog and the local whisky, and everything else that lent itself to ornamental cursing. For though he had searched through the whole house, he had not found the stock.

After another visit to the hotel, he went to the broker's office and reported the numbers of the missing shares. Then he decided to unboast himself to his friend the police inspector. But the latter shrugged his shoulders, "You have probably lost them," he observed with a grin. "You ought to change your brand of whisky, my good friend. Of course, I shall do my very best, but there are a hundred chances to one, that I shall not succeed in locating them."

"If I don't get them back in a day or two they will be worthless to me. I know the gang that is running the Wild Dog! But whatever you do," he turned imploringly to the inspector, "don't let anything get out. If my wife should hear of it—"

The inspector laughed. "Don't be afraid. Everything will be done quietly. But tell me, how are you going to talk yourself out of it if the stock does not turn up?"

"I offer 500 marks for the return of the package to me," groaned the hapless man; "and—come along and have a drink!"

Mr. Haller spent the rest of the day in futile endeavors to get a trace of his lost shares. He made Spartan efforts to receive with equanimity the congratulations of his boon companions of the previous night. He drew the cloak of happiness over the torments he experienced. Soon the whole town knew of the stroke of good luck and came to congratulate him and take a drink of whisky with him. In the afternoon the shares continued to climb, and when he returned home to face his wife's eager questions with stoic calm, the market had closed with M. 675.

Mrs. Haller was wild with excitement. Without noticing her lord and master's frowning reticence she talked incessantly of their great good luck. She was making many plans, and in her vivid imagination she was already taking numerous trips south, to Sidney and Melbourne, that paradise of the North Australian. "Just think! Robert, just think!" she exclaimed "6,750 marks! O Robert—" But suddenly she sobered down. "You will sell the first thing in the morning, won't you?"

"I shall sell them when I think best!" he snapped. And, availing himself of his advantage, he rose to his full height and said impressively: "This morning, Mrs. Haller, you tried to talk me into disposing of my shares at three marks apiece, or something like that. If I had been weak enough to allow myself to be influenced by a silly woman like yourself, we should already have lost three or four marks per share. Therefore be kind enough to keep your financial advice to yourself and leave the business to me. I know what I am about."

He turned around and walked out of the room with a stately stride. Surely, to a certain degree he was a hero!

The following day the Wild Dogs stood at 15, and the whole town was in a fever of excitement. Never before had such a price been heard of in the old mine. When Haller saw the market report in the paper his face turned ashy grey. His wife did not dare mention the subject again. But her feverish unrest, her mute little cajoleries to get a word of information out of him exasperated the luckless man more than a flood of eloquence would have done. He swallowed his tea hurriedly,

reached for his hat and walked out of the house.

"You are going to sell?" his wife almost screamed after him.

"No, not yet. They will go higher."

"O Robert!" was her only answer.

But in that one exclamation lay an agonized tone of warning, which re-echoed in his heart again and again on his way to the police station. The stock could not continue to rise. And to have to show that stereotyped smile to the world, when he was trembling in despair! It was simply unbearable.

The inspector's face at once told him his fate, and entirely prostrated he locked himself in his office and sank in a chair.

The telephone bell rang. He rushed to the instrument, with a spark of hope kindled in his breast. But it was only his wife who had called him up.

"Well, what do you want?"

A trembling voice spoke over the wire. "Robert dear, Mr. Jones has just been here. He had been to the mine and advised me to tell you to sell immediately. Hadn't I better come down to the office, Robert?"

"No!" roared Robert, in a voice which shook the instrument and sent a shiver of fright through every telephone pole of the whole system.

"But, dearest, I have—"

"Good bye!" He rang off furiously,

and then rang up the police station.

"Offer 1,000 marks reward, or 2,000 if you want to. The numbers have not been offered to the broker. So they were not stolen. And I must have them at once!"

The man at the other end of the wire only smiled. He knew something himself of the peculiarities of the Wild Dog, and he felt sorry for Haller. But the chances for recovering the lost documents in time were not worth talking about.

How Mr. Haller got through the day he never could understand afterwards. By 11 o'clock in the morning the whole town knew that the pocket found in the Wild Dog had proved even more deceptive with regard to its extent than any previous find in this interesting mine. By afternoon the last traces of the ephemeral boom had been blown away, and the stock wavered between 20 pfennigs and unsalable. Another act in the drama of the history of mining had come to an end—and the 1,000 shares were still missing.

With bitterness in his heart—a bitterness intensified by the knowledge that he himself was to blame for it—Haller walked home. For the first time in his life he was afraid to meet his wife. When he had stolen into the house unobserved and entered the sitting room, she was not there. He found her lying on her bed in a very disorderly gown and crying pitifully. Evidently she knew everything. He tiptoed out of the room and braced himself with a drink for the impending battle. But the enemy made no attack.

"Oh Robert!" she cried between heartrending sobs. "don't be angry. I have not got any supper ready for you—I forgot all about it. And—why didn't you let me come to the office this morning and take the stock down to you?"

It was lucky for him that the poor little woman was too much preoccupied with her own grief to notice the truly idiotic expression of amazement in her husband's face.

"Take—what down to me?" he stammered.

"Take the stock down," she repeated, burying her face in the pillows.

"You didn't take it along this morning, and I knew—oh, I knew—" And her voice was smothered by the feather pillow and a new outburst of sobs.

Mr. Haller left the room and paid another visit to the whisky bottle. Then he paced for a long time up and down the neglected little yard in front of the house and thought. Finally, when it had grown quite dark and the lamp burning within gave him hopes that his wife had somewhat recovered he went in. His plan was ready.

"Maisy, give me the stock."

She was still struggling with her grief; now and then an involuntary sob shook her slender little figure and fresh tears forced their way through her swollen lids. But submissively she went to her sewing table and took from the drawer the missing papers.

"You told me to put them away when you came home. You were—you were so flustered, dear," she said half apologetically. She did not dare raise her head and show her tear-stained face, for fear that he might see a reproach in it.

"Of course, I did," he rejoined calmly, as he seized the package with a spiteful gesture. "But I think the papers are safer in my office after all."

When he saw how bravely she fought against the terrible disappointment, his heart softened, and relinquishing a bit of his offended dignity, he took her in his arms and stroked her tumbled hair in a fatherly manner.

"Look here, dear little girl," he said,

"I had had false reports as to the extent of the vein of rich ore. I thought the stock was going to rise to over 20. It can't be helped now. Never mind, we shall have better luck next time. Every mine speculator gets fooled once in a while."

Mr. Haller was well satisfied with his own generosity. It had been his wife's fault, since she had told him nothing! But, in his magnanimity, he forgave her. Of course, he had been very much intoxicated when he brought the stock home with him. And he had not asked her about it and had not acknowledged its loss to her. But one cannot expect a husband to forget his superior position and in any case, the wife is always wrong!

And he went out to take a drink.—Translated from the German by Nanny E. Kuhlman.

"I guess, Hinmissy, whin ye come to think uv it they ain't anny such thing as luxury in travel. We was meant to stay where we found ourselves first an' thravellin' is conthry to nature. I can go fr'm Chicago to New York in twenty hours, but what's th' matter with Chicago? I can injye places bet-ther be goin' to thim. I think av Italy as th' home iv th' Pope, but Hogan, who has been there, thinks iv it as th' home iv the flea. I can see th' dome iv St. Peter's risin' again' th' sky, but he can on'y see th' cabman that charged him eighty liars, or thirty cints iv our money, to carry him around th' block. I think iv New York as a place where people set shinin' their diamonds with satin napkins at th' Waldorf an' dhrinkin' champagne out iv goold coal-scuttles with Jawn W. Gates, but I know a man down there that dhriives a dhryay. I've always wanted to see th' Rocky Mountains, but they don't look as tall nearby as they do far away."—Mr. Dooley.

General Lord Wolsley's dislike of swearing is well known. He was very strict against it, and officers were careful not to offend him when he was

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anywhere about. He went on a tour of inspection through an Irish garrison whose commander was a hard swearer, a veteran of the mutiny days, whose early habits had clung to him. This commander, of course, had his troops out for Lord Wolsley's inspection, and the parade was progressing satisfactorily, when the commander gave the bugler an order to sound the "charge." To his intense consternation the bugler blew the "retreat." The commander could hardly restrain himself; his face grew purple with rage, and he braced himself for the usual outburst of profanity. But before he could get started he caught Lord Wolsley's eye on him, and he choked the oaths back. Yet, somehow, he had to give vent to his feelings. He looked blankly around, dug his spurs into his horse, and, riding to the unhappy bugler, he yelled at the top of his voice: "Oh, you naughty, naughty bugler!"

Landlady—Are you going to pay the rent that you have owed me for almost a year?

Boarder—My dear madam, unfortunately at present I am not in a position to help you, but never fear, for I promise you faithfully that I shall not leave the house until I shall have paid you every cent!—Translated from Il Motto per Ridere.



LIKES IT EVEN ABOVE HIMSELF.

Eugenia—Jack says he loves his automobile above everything else.
Randolph—Yes; I've noticed he spends most of his time under it.—Tatler.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone (Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments.) Main 6840

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL.

LONDON, ENGLAND, BRANCH OFFICE:

Byron House, 55 Fleet Street, E.C.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors. Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

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Vol. 21. TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 4, 1908 No. 12

!-? POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE -?!

When Tarte was Foiled.

THE death of Hon. J. Israel Tarte has naturally produced a great crop of anecdotes concerning the little man who did so much to put Laurier into power. The daily papers have published some of these stories, but there is one which relates to the campaign of 1896 which has not yet been recalled. In that year when the Liberals swept Quebec, mainly as the result of Laurier's personality and Tarte's organization, Tarte himself went up to Beauharis to do battle with J. G. H. Bergeron. On the nomination day they had a joint meeting, as is the custom in Quebec, and Mr. Tarte at once made a great deal out of the determination of the Liberals to reduce the tariff, while at the same time retaining sufficient protection as not to injure local industries. One of the Conservative speakers had declared that a Liberal victory meant the annihilation of the cotton industry in Canada, and when Tarte got up he proceeded to read telegrams from two well-known Montrealers, whom he claimed to be large shareholders in the company, stating that they did not fear, but would rather welcome a reduced tariff.

Bergeron knew that the men mentioned did not own anything like the amount of stock which Tarte ascribed to them, so he sent a boy post haste to the company's office to get a copy of the annual report. He talked on other issues until the boy returned and then, going up to the chairman (who by the way was G. M. Loye, afterwards M. P. for the county for a brief spell), he put the book in his hands, with the remark:

"Tell the audience what book that is?"

Loye hummed and hawed, but finally had to announce that it was the annual report of the Montreal Cotton Company.

"Turn to page —" then ejaculated Bergeron. Loye did so. It was the list of shareholders.

"Do you find the names of Mr. A— and Mr. X— there?"

Loye replied in the affirmative.

Then Bergeron proceeded: "Mr. Tarte told you that A— had 9,000 shares and X— 4,000. What does the book say?"

The chairman, who was, of course, a good Liberal, tried to get out of the difficulty, but could not and was compelled, after a good deal of uproar, to reply: "A— has nine shares and X— has 15!"

"And," persisted Bergeron, "if a man says otherwise he is—what?"

Once more Loye squirmed, but with a roar the audience took up the answer.

That was all. But it defeated Tarte.

Against All Precedent.

SOCIETY circles at Ottawa are most particular about the strict observance of the table of precedence. If a man or a woman ventures to "butt in" out of the social order laid down by those who draw up such wonders of social etiquette, he or she will hear of it, both officially and unofficially, and more often than not the unofficial rebuke is the keener of the two because it results in social boycotting, or at least suspension from certain valued visiting lists. This being the case, the ordinary reader can imagine with what horror the official circle at Ottawa noticed on the night of the viceregal drawing room, following the opening of Parliament that young Mr. Choate, the son of the United States Ambassador to Great Britain, (who was the guest of His Excellency at Rideau Hall), was presented to their Excellencies ahead of any of the "official set," even of the Premier and Lady Laurier. The incident at once set tongues a-wagging, and it is stated on good authority that the Governor-General's military

secretary, Colonel Hanbury Williams, had his hands full for a few minutes, as some of those who insist most rigidly upon their proper places in the table of precedence were inclined to turn back and decline to be presented at all.

One high dignitary, who as a commonplace politician was noted for his good sense in such matters, but who since his elevation to the bench has become a regular stickler for "precedence," took the matter up with His Excellency by letter and made a strenuous protest against the "abandonment of all rules of precedence for the sake of pandering to the United States." His letter was ignored, but that does not prevent the gossips talking. And they say that the reason Earl Grey is so eager to placate the Americans is because he is ambitious to succeed Mr. James Bryce as British Ambassador at Washington. But this seems one of those unlikely stories which official Ottawa sometimes sets afloat. There are other ways of explaining the occurrence. Perhaps it was quite unforeseen. Perhaps it was due to a lapse of memory on somebody's part. Perhaps young Mr. Choate did not understand and broke through the ropes blissfully unconscious of their existence.

An Official Retires.

C. J. H. WINSTANLEY, assistant Post Office Inspector of the Toronto district, accepts superannuation and retires from the service this week. The cause of Mr. Winstanley's retirement is continued ill-health. He served the post office department in different capacities for the last forty years and saw the postal service grow from crude beginnings to its present intricate and efficient state.

His Adventures with Aristocrats.

FOR a thorough-paced democrat, the late D. J. O'Donoghue, once labor representative in the Ontario Legislature, had at least a couple of highly interesting experiences with aristocracy.

Upon one occasion Lady Aberdeen and Lady Thompson visited the old technical school, Toronto, and after showing his distinguished visitors through the institution, Mr. O'Donoghue, as president, escorted Lady Aberdeen to her carriage. There was hoar frost on the wooden sidewalks, which made walking slippery, and the workingman's representative gallantly offered his arm to his companion. It was just in time, for Her Ladyship gave a lurch on the treacherous sidewalk, and it took all of O'Donoghue's 115 pounds of bone and muscle to sustain the more substantial form of the popular wife of the Viceroy. Lady Aberdeen's thanks to her escort on that occasion had the genuine ring.

When a younger man, and a working printer in Ottawa, Mr. O'Donoghue, was acting as trainer for Johnny Raine, a fellow compositor, and perhaps the fleetest distance runner of any white man that Canada has produced. One morning, when accompanying the runner, Mr. O'Donoghue lost his man, and while on the lookout for him observed a lady walking briskly, and carrying a cane in her hand. He politely enquired if she had met a man in running attire, gave his name, and explained that he was training Raine for an international contest. The lady replied to the enquiry, and followed it up by a number of questions about training, dieting, etc., evincing considerable knowledge of field and other athletics. The pair were slowly walking together as they talked, and O'Donoghue had been wondering all along where he had seen the lady before, for her face seemed quite familiar. When the gate of Rideau Hall was reached the lady halted, and with a smile and bow thanked her companion for his interesting and instructive information on athletics, and walking up to the viceregal residence entered the front door without ringing.

Then it fully dawned upon O'Donoghue that his companion for the morning's *tete-a-tete* was the Princess Louise!

He Met a Hielan' Laddie.

HOSE who best know Mr. Geo. D. Grant, the popular member of the federal house for North Ontario, best know him as a clever Canadian, proud of his Scottish name and clan. That is his strong point. He is Scotch as the heather, and when any Scottish feast day rolls around, St. Andrew's, Burns' night, or what not, George D. is in his glory. A piece of gay tartan, a sprig of heather, a Scottish song, and the skirl o' th' pipes—and George D. is the very soul of animation. The other day, shortly after St. Andrew's day, and the celebration thereof, Mr. Grant was coming down from the Parliament Buildings, and just as he made to pass out of the main entrance, a delivery rig from one of the Ottawa grocers turned in at the gate, and a red-checked, red-haired lad leaped from the seat and, approaching Mr. Grant, enquired: "Ca'd ye tell us the way to the wast block? A'm in a braw hurry!" The accent was beyond words. George D., who is nothing if not polite, stopped, and patting the wee lad on the head made reply:

"Just over there, my man," waving his hand in the direction indicated. He afterwards said that the lad's accent was the sweetest music he had heard for months. "What is your name?" The lad made reply in the same gorgeous Scotch voice, and Mr. Grant pursued:

"Where are you from?"

"Scotlan'."

"Been out long?"

"Ay, fair. Two months."

"Where are you living?"

"Wi' m' mither."

Mr. Grant was about to open another series of questions, when the kid turned briskly about, dashed over to his rig and clambered in. "Dinna' talk to m' mair! I'm fair hurried an' I've na time to fash wi' ye!" With this the rig rattled away, and Mr. Grant was left lamenting. Days afterwards, George D. was heard to regret the chance of having had a longer chat with the wee laddie. "He had an accent that would last one over Sunday."

Professor Torrington.

THE civic honors paid to Dr. Torrington this week will meet with a ready response in the hearts of a multitude of Canadians because to them he still signifies the chief factor in the musical development of this community. Dr. Torrington himself did not realize this until he made a tour of the West a couple of summers ago. From the ranches, the mines, and the real estate offices, came men who had left Toronto years before, ready to give welcome

to the man who they remembered as boys and who was then reputed the father of good music in this city, and in some degree also in this country. No doubt the day may have passed since he was the one vitalizing force in the local music world. No doubt his abnormally supersensitive disposition has gotten him into many a misunderstanding. To-day his is a deservedly honored figure as the man who for thirty-five years was always doing things, with the accent on the always. There was a time not more than ten years ago when choral effort had almost entirely ceased in Toronto. Even the Mendelssohn Choir had shut up shop for a season, perhaps, as it appeared, indefinitely. Then it was that the value of Mr. Torrington to the community showed itself. He took hold of the situation, revived the dying public interest and by his confidence enabled the younger men to make this city what it is—the most noted home of choral music in America.

That the prominent local musicians should honor him is befitting for another reason. No man has extended to the stranger within our gates, of his own calling, a heartier welcome. The infinite goodness of his heart has best been made known to those with whom fortune has not dealt kindly. Quarrel he might with aggressive and pushing men over questions of tempo and other matters which musicians take seriously, but the needy artist who had fallen on evil days, or whose luck was but temporarily, bad has always found him a kind, considerate and consistent friend.

Running a Country Weekly.

THE following narration of an erstwhile country editor is worth considering at the present time, when the issue of local option is being fought out in so many sections of the province. He had lived in Toronto for a number of years and had taken a great deal more interest in the affairs of the public than the public took in him. He conceived the idea of going out to the country where he might become a real influence. He saw visions of himself moulding thought in his section. In imagination he saw invitations to take the stump coming from candidates in all parts of Canada. He saw himself slipping down to Ottawa to suggest to the administration the proper course to pursue in regard to certain public questions. Finally he saw himself the successful candidate for the Legislature or Parliament, impressing the whole country by his wise counsel and his ready and witty utterance. Such were the things this city man was going to make the desirable vocation of country editor yield unto him.

The paper he purchased he bought cheap, and the vendor explained to him the reason why. A few years or so previously there had been a local option fight in his district, and since he derived more revenue from the opponents than the advocates of the measure, he supported the views of the former. The temperance people won their fight and proceeded to take vengeance on the paper in such a practical manner that he was obliged to sell out. His ambitious customer had some reputation as a temperance man and was of the opinion anyway that so able a man as he could have no difficulty in pulling the property out of the hole. He made the paper brighter and snappier than the good people had been accustomed to. He was tactful enough to "jolly" everybody more or less, and became quite popular.

All seemed to be going well until the fatal old question of local option came to the fore again. It was decided that another vote should be taken. A deputation of prominent temperance men, including the pastors of two or three evangelical churches, waited on the editor and asked him which side he was going to take. He replied that while he was a temperance man, his chief adviser was the A1 Mineral Springs Company, Limited, which paid him the sum of \$50 per month. The company in question was in reality the local hotel proprietor. He would therefore have to be judicious, but he would do the best he could in the cause of righteousness. The deputation went away with stern eyes and puckered noses that boded ill for the editor.

Next day the hotel proprietor dropped in and asked the worried thought moulder what stand he was going to take. The editor told of the interview of the day before and said he guessed he would have to remain neutral and discuss the question on academic grounds. The hotel proprietor went away mentioning the place of future punishment quietly and intensely as he went out. The weeks before the election were troublous ones for the editor, who kept on writing editorials to the effect that there were many sides to the question.

In the end both camps took reprisals when their contracts expired, and the erstwhile thought moulder is back in Toronto, convinced that the lot of the rural editor is not a happy one.

A. D. C. to the King.

NOT many months ago Captain (now Admiral) John Denison, of the Royal Navy, a brother of Colonel G. T. Denison, of Toronto, was appointed a naval A.D.C. to the King.

Word now comes of the appointment of another Canadian, Captain Frederick Charles Doveton Sturdee, of the same service, to a similar dignity. Captain Sturdee, as we learn from Dr. Morgan, editor of "Canadian Men and Women of the Time," is from St. John, New Brunswick, and bears a most distinguished record as a naval officer. Entering the service as a naval cadet, on the recommendation of the Governor-General of Canada, July 15, 1871, he has on all occasions done honor both to his patron and to his country. Attaining captain's rank in June, 1899, after acquiring himself with signal distinction during the Egyptian War, and later in Samoa, where he was in command of the British force, he became chief of staff to Admiral Lord Beresford, and, on two occasions, received the gold medal of the Royal United Service Institution. In January, 1908, he will assume command of H.M.S. New Zealand, of the Channel fleet, a vessel of more than 16,000 tons, and a sister ship to the King Edward VII. Captain Sturdee has been decorated with a Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and of the Royal Victorian Order.

In the Mayoralty Fight.

THE presence of a large number of candidates in the field for the mayoralty has been a boon to the numerous citizens of Toronto who love to climb on the platform and allay their feelings in connection with municipal affairs. The municipal candidate every year makes a desperate hunt for men of weight and standing in the community who are willing to go on his platform. He finds plenty of friends who are willing to help him out with their votes and influence, or even to go down in their pockets for a small subscription to his campaign fund, but the modesty of most of them forbids them to stand in the public gaze on an elevated platform as a background for the candidate of their choice. Still more emphatically do they

decline to speak in his behalf, being possessed by a deadly fear that they will make fools of themselves. The yawning rows of empty chairs behind the chairman, with his small table and glass of water, have to be filled somehow, and consequently the same old group of "municipal experts" is to be found on the platforms of the various aspirants for office every year. The average reporter of a few years' experience could sketch out weeks beforehand the names of the orators whose voices will be lifted in the campaign, though it is not always safe to allot them to any particular candidate.

This year, as has been intimated, has been a particularly happy one for the horde of camp followers, because there have been so many candidates and so many meetings. There have been opportunities for all, which is a great blessing, for bear in mind that there are great mutual jealousies in the crowd of "municipal experts."

It is the most common thing in the world to hear Mr. A, who is heard in every cause, whether he has anything to say or not, growl when Mr. B, of similar ilk rises to speak.

"What the dickens is that fellow blathering about? He's always butting in everywhere."

There is also a good deal of hard feeling engendered over the task of helping the candidate on and off with his overcoat. A deft and swift hand at pulling down the tail of the inner coat in the full gaze of the electorate, wins a sort of reflected greatness. It is like that of Stephen B. Douglas, the once great man of Illinois, who at the first inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, who had worsted him in a fight of several years' standing, had the privilege of holding the president's hat, while he made his historic speech.

Dr. Nesbitt and Shakespeare.

A GENTLEMAN who has heard several of the speeches which Dr. Beattie Nesbitt has made, remarked the other day that the candidate showed one of the leading instincts of the orator in his pauses, if in nothing else. His style resembles that of Shakespeare's Mark Antony in this respect at any rate. As Shakespeare depicts it, Antony's method was as follows:

Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar.

And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen.—Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen.—If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen.—Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen.—Mark ye his words? He would not take the crown, etc.

An impression of Dr. Beattie Nesbitt's gatherings might be faithfully indicated by the following:

Nesbitt—

Pure water is a boon we all admit.

We all desire it and we all should have it.

You all do take pure water on the side.

And find it gives refreshment and a change!

But this I say, and this I thunder forth,

That every plank to the remotest 'steenth

Of this my platform, is that I support

The power by-law born of mighty minds.

First Citizen.—Gee, he can flail it out to them!

Second Citizen.—I wonder if he'll lambaste The Globe to-night.

Third Citizen.—He has the rest of the bunch canned.

Fourth Citizen.—You're all right, Doc!

An Editor from the West.

M. G. H. WOODS, editor and manager of the Calgary Daily Herald, is in Toronto on a visit and says that while it is a pleasure to see Toronto again, he has no desire to return East. He prefers the West and talks enthusiastically about Calgary, its people and its prospects. Mr. Woods was a front rank newspaper man in this city and is widely known in business circles. Few Toronto people arrive in Calgary without at once enquiring the way to The Herald office, there to be greeted with a shout of welcome so hearty and genial as to be almost worth crossing the continent to hear.

Tom and the General.

TOM BEST, of Hamilton, who accompanied the Canadian contingent to South Africa as Y. M. C. A. representative, was in his day one of the finest all round athletes in Canada. During a lull in the campaign, a series of games and sports was got up for the troops, and Gen. Smith-Dorrien, who commanded the division, quizzically asked the Y. M. C. A. man if he had ever done any running. Mr. Best replied that he had done a little when a youngster chasing his father's calves. The upshot was that Best entered for several events, and won some of the fattest prizes. When the awards were being made, Gen. Smith-Dorrien with a twinkle in his eye, remarked: "I sav, Best, it's lucky for our chaps that when you were a youngster you didn't go after your father's colts!"

NATURE FAKER JINGLE



The merry wind in fitful gusts,
Is blowing from the South,
The river, it is angry,
And foaming at the mouth.

KAL.

Walter Crane, the English artist, lives in an old-fashioned house in a narrow street off High street, Kensington. When Mr. Crane and his wife send out invitations to their "at homes" and other functions, they always commence "Master and Mistress Crane request the pleasure," etc. They are exceedingly popular as hosts.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR

By Mrs. Elgourney

MUSED as the hour drew nigh and methought the Old Year stood before me. Weary and wayworn he seemed, and in his hand was an hour glass whence the last sands were fleeing. As I looked upon his wrinkled forehead, memories both pleasant and mournful came over me. Fain would I have constrained his longer stay and spake earnestly with him.

"Many blessings thou hast brought me for which I give thee thanks. New have they been every morning and fresh every moment. Thou hast indeed from my heart's garden uprooted some hopes that I had planted there; with their clustering buds they feel and were never quickened again."

Then he said: "Praise God both for what I gave and for what I took away, and lay up treasure in Heaven that thy heart may be there also. What you call blighted hopes are oftentimes changed into fruits of righteousness."

But I answered: "Thou hast also hidden from my sight the loved and the revered. Clouds are strewn upon their faces, they reply to my call no more, to the homes that they made so fair they return not, and the places that once knew them know them no more forever."

Still he said: "Give praise to God, trouble not thyself about those that are with Him, rather make thine own salvation sure, that thou mayest go unto them and be parted no more." Then in a faint voice he murmured: "For me the stone is rolled away from the door of the sepulchre. I will enter in and slumber with the years beyond the flood, until the last trumpet soundeth."

I gazed upon his wan brow and to me it was beautiful. Fain would I have swept away the snows that gathered round his hoary temples, but he suffered me not and stretched himself out to die. By his side, I knelt and said: "Oh, departing year, I behold a scroll folded beneath thy mantle, what witness shall it bear of me at the judgment?" Low and solemn were his last words: "Thou shalt know when the books are opened and the dead, small and great, stand before God."

The midnight clock struck and I covered my face and mourned for his death who had once been to me as a friend. I remembered with pain how often I had slighted his warnings and the opportunities he had given me of doing good and had cast away the wreath of time, that priceless boon from the Eternal. Methought from the dying lips came feebly a sigh: "Farewell! Farewell!" then a passion of weeping fell upon me and when again I lifted up my head, lo! the New Year stood in the place of the departed.

Smiling he greeted me with good wishes and words of cheer while around me lay many bright tokens of friendship and love, but I was afraid, for to me he was a stranger and when I would have returned his welcome my lips trembled and were silent. Then he said: "Fear not, I have come unto thee from the giver of every good and perfect gift." "New year, whither wilt thou lead me? Art thou appointed to bring me joy or sorrow, life or death?" He replied: "I know not, neither doth the angel who sitteth nearest the throne know, only Him who sitteth thereon. Give me thy hand and question not; enough for thee that I accomplish His will. Make that will thine own and thou shalt taste an angel's happiness even here below. I promise thee nothing, be content to follow me. Take with a prayer for wisdom this winged moment; the next day may not be mine to give. Yet if we walk onward together, forget not that thou art a pilgrim for Eternity. If I bring thee the cup of joy, be thankful and pitiful to those who mourn and let all men be unto thee as brethren. If the dregs of bitterness cleave unto thy lips be not too eager to receive relief, lest thou betray the weakness of thy faith. God's perfect discipline giveth wisdom, therefore count them happy who endure. When the morn breaketh in the east gird thyself in the Holy Spirit's strength for thy duties, with a song of thanksgiving, for God is near to those who trust Him and rejoice in his ways. And when night putteth on her coronet of stars, kneel and ask that the day's sins may for Christ's sake be forgiven thee, and when I myself die thou may'st bless me as a friend and helper on the road to Heaven."

THE growth of perjury is a terrible thing, and there can be no doubt that it is growing," says Bishop Worrell, of Nova Scotia. "The other day Judge Riddell, of Toronto, stated that it was becoming a most serious problem in the conduct of the courts, and I have heard a well-known police magistrate of a large city in Ontario declare that it is impossible to believe people on their oaths. The statement made by a witness in a recent celebrated election trial that he advised his agents, when sworn, to kiss their thumbs instead of the Book, and then they would not be guilty of perjury, shows the utterly unworthy idea such a man has of Him who reads the heart of man and judges not by the outside of the platter as to the cleanliness of it. The wholesome dread which the story of Ananias and Sapphira once exerted seems to have but little power to-day—especially in a liquor trial or a contested election. Affidavits are taken and oaths administered often in such an irreverent manner that the solemnity which is attached to them is lacking and the awfulness of invoking the name of God in attestation of man's word is but little realized. There should either be special officers for the administration of oaths or the farce that is now so often enacted should be done away with. To swear a man upon a Bible of which he has never read a word, of which he has heard but little and in which he does not believe or thinks he does not, can give no weight to his evidence. The apostolic condemnation of perjured persons in the same list as the most abandoned and wicked sinners has no effect upon him."

Commercial Christianity.

FAITH without the cash is dead;
Other talk is simply gammon.
Never saint but built his church
With the "dust" subscribed by Mammon.

True there is no formula
That can bleach a nigger's skin;
But the dollars now-a-days
Cover up a pile of sin.

Yet, what use the color'd window
Graven shafts about the door,
If we trample on the fallen
Grind the faces of the poor?

Who was he that chum'd with outcasts,
Healed the sick man by his touch,
Preached the sermon on the mountain,
Sanctified the In-as-much?

H. S. WALTER.

Hartney, Man., Dec., '07.



OMNIA VINCIT AMOUR

Away up on the Eastern shore
One day I chanced to wander,
And lost my heart without delay
To a pretty Newfoundland!
So trim and sweet, so fair and neat,
She stood akimbo, smiling,
And when she spoke, each dulcet note
Completed my beguiling!

Away up on the Eastern shore
She kept my heart in prison,
And as I sadly sailed away
I reached this wise decision.
Without my love I could not live
A melancholy gander,
So I must woo and win so true
This pretty Newfoundland.

Away up on the Eastern shore
I'll sail with spring's returning,
And unafraid I'll tell that maid
My love in accents burning.
Let politicians swear and rave,
No more to them I'll pander;
Confederation's all I crave
With that pretty Newfoundland.

CANADENSIS.

A Canadian Millet.

THE Canadian "habitant" seems destined to live in the world of art though he never produce either painter or poet (says The Literary Digest). Outside his own people he has found his poet in the late W. H. Drummond, and his painter in Horatio Walker. This latter is a prominent figure of the important landscape school, now thought by competent critics to be leading the world. With the art of Millet strongly appealing to his imagination, he has found even the subjects of Millet's art ready to his hand on this side the ocean, and has occupied himself in recording the life of the people of the St. Lawrence Valley, "before the march of events, scornful of peasant stubbornness and Celtic imagination, shall have shorn them of their picturesqueness."

Such an eventuality is, however, not imminent, as Mr. Charles De Kay points out in a sketch of the artist in the New York Evening Post. Descending from the hardy peasants of Normandy, Picardy, and Brittany, these dwellers near the St. Lawrence are "tenacious of ancestral customs, of dwellings, and dress, holding to their ancient patois, to the cure and the village church, and differing only from the European cousins they have separated from in the singular fact that big families of children are the rule with them rather than the exception."

Walker, who is a Canadian, was educated in the art schools of New York.

After speaking in terms of high praise of a number of the finest of Walker's paintings, Mr. De Kay says: "His preoccupation with sides of life similar to those that stirred the imagination of Millet may be seen even more intensely by the things which he omits to paint. There are many obvious points in the appearance, the settlements, the life of the French habitants of Canada, which Mr. Walker has not seen fit to chronicle, such as their churches, too brilliant for paintings of sentiment and feeling, their jolly dances, processions and religious ritual. But it may be that he will find some way to indicate sides of life hitherto avoided without allowing them to approach

the commonplace or banal. For one thing he has a very delicate sense of color, which leads him to eschew the literal and the superficial and select subjects that permit of the use of color as a means to express emotion, just as a composer uses certain instruments to express emotions of music. He is in no sense a 'literary' painter, although his sympathies and interest in literature are wide."

From the art critic of the Brooklyn Eagle an appreciation of Walker's work is quoted, in which the writer says regarding a picture called "Plowing—First Gleam": "Life, power, joy are the meaning of the picture. It is one of those really great canvases which make the art of a nation. No nation can produce a better."

Walker, says Mr. De Kay in conclusion, "is a very serious master, without being in any sense a solemn person." Further:

"Artists for whose work he has particular sympathy include Whistler, Ryder, and La Farge, to mention only a few contemporaries. Among the living French artists, Harpignies and Le Sidaner find him sympathetic. Mr. Walker is now at an age when painters may reasonably expect to have the making of their finest pictures still before them. In the field he has chosen he stands almost alone, and it is fortunately one that offers inexhaustible materials for further works. One may expect that he will give greater scope to his imagination and depict the life of the habitant from many other angles, thus preserving a precious record of this small but self-contained and attractive portion of the human mosaic which goes to make the Dominion of Canada."

A Note on Good Manners.

"THE HAPPY MORALIST," by Herbert Bland, an English writer, is a volume rather noteworthy in its way. From it this interesting note on good manners is quoted:

Good manners, like most other things that are worth having in this world, are based on sound reason, they depend neither upon caprice nor upon passing fashion. It is sound reason to assist the weak in tasks too burdensome for them, weak men as well as weak women. It is sound reason, because it helps to make a more comfortable world. To help a feeble old man, aye, or even a feeble young one, to descend from a railway carriage, is Good Manners; fustily to deal for a robust young woman at cards is to be guilty almost of bad manners, because it is ridiculous, and therefore the very negation of sound reason. Nobody is a bit better for it, and the robust young woman is made to look like a robust young fool—either too weak to lift a card or so stupid as to be sure to make a false deal if she did. The essence of that sort of over-politeness is an ill-disguised contempt. Let me expand that view for a moment. I suppose we have most of us been taught in our youth that it is "rude" to contradict a lady. Why, and so it is if the contradiction be roughly, brusquely, or flat-footedly done. To that extent it is equally rude to contradict a gentleman or a coal-heaver, or a waitress in an A B C shop. If anyone, of whatever sex or station, says to you that it is a fine day, and you reply "No, it isn't!" you mark yourself down to a cad who deserves to be kicked. But to refrain from expressing to a woman a difference of view that you honestly feel, to sit and smirk in simulated acquiescence while she makes statements that you know to be wide of the mark, what does that mean but that you hold her opinions to be not worth considering or that you believe disagreement will cause her to lose her temper, or that you feel her to be so enormously your superior that you take her utterances as infallible? Now that last, of course, is nonsense. Therefore you must accept one of the other alternatives; and what is either of them but contempt?

If I were to say that the gist of Good Manners is to have none I should be paradoxical, but I should be shrewdly close to the truth, and, moreover, I should be paradoxical in mighty good company. Emerson says somewhere that "nothing is more excellent than the Corinthian grace of Gertrude's manners, and yet Blanche, who has no manners at all, has better manners," and Emerson, as he so often does, has hit the target in the white. Manners that are noticeable are never good. One should no more attract attention by one's manners than by one's necktie or by one's thumb nails.

One knows men, of course, whose manners seem to stick out of them like hatpins from a woman's hat, but then they are bad manners; that is to say, fictitious manners, manners that are put on like a coat, and not worn like the skin; like a coat that can be put off, and often is put off, at will, and then when put off leaves the wearer a good deal more comfortable. One always feels that about persons whose manners stick out, one feels that they must hurt them somehow; that they would be glad to be rid of those irksome manners, and, moreover, that they probably are rid of them as soon as they get home, say.

"Well, what did you think of the Morality contest?" enquired a pleased elector of his neighbor the morning after the municipal battle.



A BRIDGE OVER THE NILE.—ONE OF THE SIGNS OF BRITISH OCCUPATION.

Who's Who Out West

WHEN the new province of Alberta was set up it became necessary to organize a provincial library and journalists in Ontario learned with satisfaction that the task had been assigned to Mr. W. A. Buchanan, who had gone into newspaper work in the West, after having acted



MR. W. A. BUCHANAN

for several years as city editor of the Toronto Telegram and as editor and managing director of the St. Thomas Daily Journal. As Provincial Librarian of Alberta the ex-journalist was in his element so long as the work of organizing the library was under way, but once his duties began to settle down into routine, his old activities in daily newspaper work began to haunt him. Daily newspaper work is hard, but it fascinates, and it

calls back its own. Mr. Buchanan, as was stated in a previous issue, has resigned the librarianship and is now issuing a daily newspaper in Lethbridge, the Daily Herald. The venture would be an ambitious one in a town of four thousand population in Ontario, but no doubt it will prove an unqualified success in Lethbridge, with its western enterprise and enthusiasm.

In the last half dozen years Alberta and Saskatchewan have drawn away a large number of promising young men from Ontario. At times it looks as if those new provinces were hand-picking our crop of young men and taking the best.

The Discontented Vases.

UPON a carved and curtained shelf there stood A score of vases, limned in colors good, Some large, some small, some graceful, and some bent Like weary mortals worn with discontent. Each envied each—not one, there on the shelf, But thought his neighbor luckier than himself: The crimson would be green; the green jar said No tint was half so exquisite as red! A tapering urn his goodly height decried, The hunchback, marking, murmured at his side, And dull and sad, and beautiful and slim, Railed at the Potter who had molded him; And called him "prentice," cursed his want of skill, Proclaimed his manner and his method ill; Obsessed with longings for another's guise They passed their days in mournful plaint and sighs.

The truth is this, when all is said and done—
The same hand shaped and fashioned every one.

MERIBAB ABBOTT, in Life.

The Olympic Golf Championship.

GEORGE S. LYON, four times golf champion of Canada, and winner of the Olympic championship at St. Louis four years ago, was the subject of an ungracious paragraph in the London Chronicle the other day. That journal said: "It is quite likely that Mr. Lyon will come over with the object of retaining his 'title,' for what it is worth, and a great deal more likely that he will go back without it."

No doubt it would be rash to back Mr. Lyon, or any other individual, against the field in a competition that will attract all the best amateur golfers of the world, but the comments of the Chronicle are supercilious and uncalled for. The Canadian champion won the title of Olympic champion at St. Louis in a competition open to the world; it is true that the crack British golfers were not present, but George Lyon in the finals defeated Chandler Egan, who a month before had defeated Walter J. Travis, just returned from the conquest of Great Britain. Mr. Lyon has shown himself to be in the front rank of golfers in America, and he saw nothing in the way of play in Great Britain during his tour of 1906 that dissuades him from attempting to win the Olympic in England next June. He is crossing the pond to try to win the title a second time, and we would suggest that the London Chronicle keep its monocled eye on him. He will give a good account of himself.

The Canadian champion has played golf with nearly all the best amateurs in Great Britain and the United States, and it is his opinion that of late the latter are playing the stronger game. He regards young Jerome D. Travers, the present champion of the United States, as the greatest amateur of the day.

ON the wall of Kaiser Wilhelm's study in his shooting box at Romington, East Prussia, are a number of original maxims which have been translated by an English correspondent. Here are a few selected at random:

"Be strong in pain; desire not that which is unattainable or worthless; be content with the day as it comes; look for the good in all things, and take pleasure in nature and men as they are."

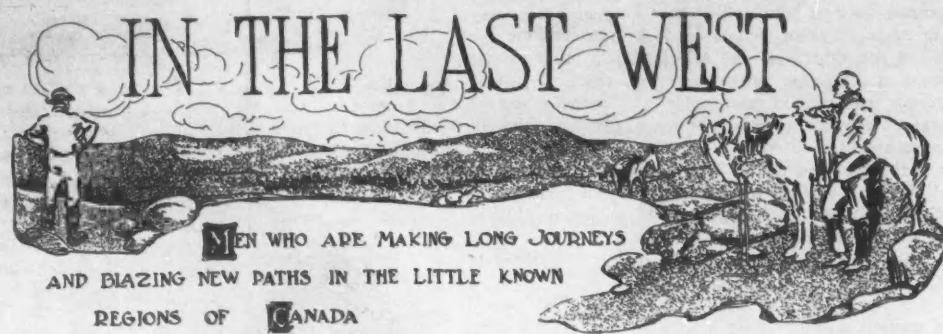
"For a thousand bitter hours console thyself with a single one that is beautiful; ever give heartily and of thy best, even when repaid with ingratitude. He who is able to learn so to act is a happy, free and proud man, and his life will always be beautiful."

"The man who is distrustful commits an injustice against others and injures himself. It is our duty to consider every man good as long as he does not prove to the contrary."

"Everything in the world must be as it is; and, be it as it may, it is always good in the sight of the Creator."

The Chinese dragon is so familiar as to be no longer remarked, and yet his significance is perhaps not fully understood by all. There are, in fact, three kinds of dragons—the lung of the sky, the li of the sea, and the kiau of the marshes. The lung is the favorite kind, however, and may be known when met by his having "the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the eyes of a rabbit, ears of a cow, neck of a snake, belly of a frog, scales of a carp, claws of a hawk, and palm of a tiger." His special office is to guard and support the mansions of the gods, and he is naturally the peculiar symbol of the emperor.

The Hon. Samuel Gompers announces officially that he has suspended the law of supply and demand.—New York Sun.



THERE passed away the other day at his home in New Westminster, B. C., William Henry Vianen, better known as "Dutch Bill," trapper, Indian fighter, Hudson Bay man, and one of the first pioneers of the Fraser river valley, having been associated with the fishing industry on that river for the past fifty years.

Vianen was originally from Holland, emigrating to the United States when only a boy, and following the movement westward arrived in Oregon when the Indian troubles were then at their height. After the frontier war he drifted on up to British Columbia, the name of British Columbia and the gold diggings of the Fraser river valley being the then one theme of conversation throughout the southwestern states. His first efforts as a prospector were without luck, and he secured work with the Hudson's Bay Company. Abandoning this pursuit he turned his attention to the fishing on the Fraser with considerably better success and remained at this occupation until his death.

At one time in New Westminster William Henry Vianen was acknowledged to be the most popular man in the district. He was practically the father of the salmon industry and his fame was by no means local, the cognomen of the "Salmon King," by which he was known being a by-word in the province. Making his thousands in the early days, "Bill" was ever generous and his helping hand as well as the contents of his pocket-book were ever ready to assist a fellow being in hard luck, always a spender and taking no thought of the morrow. Many are the stories told of his doings in the days gone by, and old timers who knew the man have nothing but words of highest praise for the departed. It is a matter of keen regret that one who was such a prominent figure in the early history of the Royal City should have ended his days in comparative poverty.

During his life in British Columbia and while not following up the fishing Vianen had intermittently engaged in a number of other pursuits. He served on one of the government gun boats, and later having secured a captain's certificate, successfully navigated some of the larger steamers on the Fraser river. "Dutch Bill" passed the autumn of his life in peacefully fishing and tellings stories of early times and the thrilling adventures of his youth.

THE current issue of that bright weekly, The Saturday News, of Edmonton, contains an interesting article by E. N. Barker, of Cardston, which describes conditions in the West in the days of the Rebellion and also contains shrewd comment on present conditions there. Among other things he says:

Developments in a new country are not so much a matter of nationality, for it is more the choice of the individual that lands him in the unknown, and in a camp of nine or ten in the early days it was common to find no two of the same nationality. This also tends to peace and an absence of cliques or various discussions as to what people are the best. Some in the far East are much concerned about who should inhabit this land. It matters not much as long as they develop and behave. Nations and peoples have drifted ever since the world began and at the best we are a mixed up lot, and purity of race is a rare thing—a merciful provision of nature from keeping the world still. Where we find races or creeds huddled together, with the stranger excluded, there we usually find a slow going lot. Nationality grows and patriotism is created, for the average man will brag about the place of his birth, and this rivalry, and keenness extends to even a strong rivalry between little one horse towns on the bald prairie.

The Western man seldom quarrels with his neighbor about the latter's religious tendencies, allowing that each and all have a right to their own opinions upon what is purely a private matter. Do not useless snarls that can easily be avoided have a great tendency to arrest genuine development? Too much talking on personal matters in early days was discouraged, a hint was enough.

A difference of opinion may, how-

ever, lead to happy results, and whatever others may have to say, there is not much doubt but that the rebellion of 1885 started us off and put much new life into Alberta. Before the trouble started, work was scarce, the small rancher or settler at a discount, and many a man was looking about for something to do with even a quarter in sight, for only the purchaser could find employment, and all the land was annexed or wanted by big companies for grazing land.

Volunteers going to the front made hands scarce at home, so that wages for ordinary hands went up to \$70 and \$75 per month with board. Those who went to the front made good money in many cases and those that returned early reaped a harvest at good pay putting up hay. The money thrown into the country was a godsend to quite a few. So started many a small settler who might otherwise never have been heard of. This country, too, was seen by those who otherwise might not have invested in it, viz., the troops from the far East, and possibly only a newspaper man knows the comparative value of the advertising the country obtained.

It is probable that a travelling representative of New Westminster will be placed on the road within a few weeks to tour British Columbia and the prairie country in the interests of the Simon Fraser Centennial and the city in general. The idea has already been discussed by the city council in committee and arrangements have been partly made for holding a public meeting on the evening of Friday, January 10, to discuss and launch the campaign. In discussing the proposed erection, in New Westminster, of a monument to the memory of Simon Fraser, the Hon. Richard McBride has made the excellent suggestion to Mayor Keary that Albert Crescent would be the most suitable location for the chiselled granite, and it is probable that that site will be chosen. From a commanding spot on the Crescent the discoverer would look down upon the mighty stream which he had the honor of navigating before any other white man.

REV. FATHER LACOMBE, celebrated veteran missionary of the West, was interviewed while in Lethbridge the other day by the Daily Herald of that town. The interview makes interesting reading. To quote: It is over fifty-eight years since this wonderful man came to the West and as one looks upon his strong but kindly face, one can read there the elements of character which have made Father Lacombe one of the most honored and beloved among the nation-builders of this great Canadian West. Many and remarkable are the stories told by old-timers of the work and influence of this noted priest among Indians and white settlers alike. To hear some of these experiences from the lips of the hero himself was instantly the reporter's desire.

In response to the commonplace lead that great changes had taken place in fifty-eight years and that the history of the West had practically been worked out during his career, Father Lacombe agreed and went on to say: "When I came here, Edmonton was the emporium of the Northwest. The Hudson's Bay Company owned and ruled the whole land and traded with the half-breeds and Indians in furs. The Indians in those days were not as they are now. I well remember the tribal wars among the various tribes of Indians before the Mounted Police were organized. There were many bloody battles and great loss of life, but that was all changed with the coming of the police."

Father Lacombe paid a high tribute of praise to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police for their daring and integrity.

"I remember once there was a great row among the bloods," he said. "Hundreds of Indians were crazy over a girl having been stolen for marriage and things looked dangerous. An officer with three men and an interpreter went boldly into their camp, asked the trouble, and in the face of these hundreds of angry Indians seized the chief and took him to Fort Macleod, telling the Indians to come to the Superintendent there to settle

the trouble. Their very daring cowed the Indians."

When asked concerning the incident when Sir John A. Macdonald, then premier of Canada, led the House of Commons in paying a tribute to himself, Father Lacombe modestly related the circumstance. "It was in the time of the Riel rebellion and it was reported that the Blackfoot Indians were to join the Crees in the rebellion. The Indians were well armed and had plenty of ammunition, and though Crowfoot, a very able chief, was favorable to the white men, the Blackfeet were excited and ready for war. Sir John A. Macdonald wrote and wired me, asking my help in keeping the Indians quiet. The C. P. R. placed an engine and a Pullman car at my disposal and I took three men with me. The people of Calgary were much afraid that the Indians would massacre them, and got me up at two o'clock in the morning to go to Gleichen to meet the Indians. There was fighting at Prince Albert at the time and the Indians were much excited. When I went among them I was asked: 'What do you come to us for?' I told them that I just wanted to see how they were getting along. I went among them giving them two or three hundred dollars worth of presents, beads and other cheap trinkets, that had been given me, and finally was asked to speak to them. I told them that I was glad to see that they had not joined in the war against the white man. 'If you want extinction,' I said, 'fight against the white men. It is true you could kill a great many of them. But for every hundred you kill a thousand will come. They are very numerous and if you fight them they will fight you until every Indian is dead.' Then I told them of the white men's good intentions for them. Crowfoot then made a speech supporting what I said. After the meeting a telegram was sent to Sir John A. Macdonald at Ottawa. The House of Commons was in session discussing the trouble in the Northwest, and Sir John was making a speech when a page brought him the telegram which he read to the House—'We are loyal to the last,' signed by Crowfoot. Sir John called to the members of both sides of the House to stand as a tribute to the work I had done."

When it was suggested that this unusual tribute was due him, Father Lacombe modestly denied any credit, saying that it was his duty and that no man could have done anything else. The missionaries did their best for the Indians and their country, as was their duty.

W. G. FITZGERALD, in the course of an article on "Policing the Wilderness," in The Outlook, of New York, says: Take the public services of both Americas by and large, from Hudson bay to Patagonia, and I doubt whether you will match the record of the famous Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. How a handful of 300 law officers, adventurous, fearless and entirely honest, keep entire order in an Arctic wilderness five times as large as Great Britain—here, surely, is a story worth telling.

And it makes reading quite as good as its promise. For here is a "precinct" covering 197,000 square miles of silent waste, icy yet golden, peopled mainly by Indians and Eskimos, with a few thousand whites, who are apt to think that no law goes so near as this to the north pole. But the wildest of them knows different now. "Get the man," the classic motto of the Northwest Mounted Police, is known and felt from ocean to ocean to the innermost recesses of the wilderness.

A thousand miles on the ice "mushing" by dog team and komatik, through unexplored haunts of bear and wolf, is a common marching order for these splendid pioneers. It does one good to read the record of their work. After much digging is required to get at the facts, for the N. W. M. P. have a good healthy scorn of boast and advertisement.

You will meet them first as you enter Canadian territory by the famous White Pass, where Old Glory floats side by side with the clustered crosses of the Dominion. Soon the four snorting engines come to a standstill, and a quiet gentlemanly officer enters the car to examine bag-

gage. You will find thereafter that you can no more escape your own shadow than one of these "Guardians of the North," wherever you go in this seemingly limitless Yukon territory.

To-day the N.M.P. have two great centres, one at Dawson, the other at White Horse. And, wonderful to say, just as a telegraph or telephone operator feels the beat of a crowded city's pulse miles away, so does the commanding officer at these headquarters know everything that goes on even in the remotest region of his stupendous precinct.

For over 1,000 miles the unobtrusive telegraph line runs beside the mighty flood, and patrol systems on the various creeks and trails assist in preserving order. It is a fact that on the great road between Dawson and White Horse, more than 320 miles, the traveler to-day is positively safer than if he were driving along a country road in eastern Canada or any settled part of Alaska.

No man starts down the great Yukon in a small boat without numbering and registering his craft, as well as his own name and business. There is justice and redress for everyone, no matter how remote his location. Let a humble miner's cache be stolen and forthwith a diligent search that will cover 500 miles will be made for it, and after that summary vengeance will surely fall upon the thief. As I shall show, no expense is spared; and sometimes hundreds or thousands of dollars will be spent in a case—only to find that the thieves were bears, after all!

Let serious accident befall a man in some lonely camp, and no city hospital could be more urgent and self-sacrificing in hurrying relief than those Mounted Police. Many a stirring tale might be told of how the sick and wounded have been brought into hospital over painful and dangerous trails, through icy mountain passes and menacing torrents.

Quite recently news came to headquarters at White Horse that a Russian Jew woodchopper living in a lonely section had accidentally been killed. At five minutes' notice one of the surgeons and a constable were dropping down the river in a little canoe. They covered 170 miles of dangerous water, made a conscientious investigation of the entire case and buried the dead man. That the trip was made at a season when the great river was liable to freeze at any time and leave the men stranded was a detail not to be considered.

Duty comes first with this magnificent force, and that without any pose or pretense.

IN the course of an article on the Canadian West, in The Atlantic Monthly, of Boston, for December, Agnes Dean Cameron writes:

The Canadian cattle exported in 1907 put over \$12,000,000 into the pockets of the cow-men, but the cow-men have to get out of the way of the wheat elevators and whirling binders. A man rides away debonair to a round-up, and coming back ten weeks later rubs his eyes to see a brand new town with pop-corn stands and His Majesty's post office where he had left bare range. It is swift work. One day the wind in the prairie, the next a surveyor's stake, two weeks later the sharp conversation of the hammer on the nail head, the chartered bank, the corner grocery, another little blotch of red on the map, and a new city of the plains. For between the parallel of 49 and arctic ice a nation is developing which will be able to furnish the world with bread as unfailing as its vast territory for two centuries has furnished the world with fur. The evolution of modern Japan represents the progress of the last half of the nineteenth century; the awakening of Canada is the index of the genius of the twentieth.

OPERATIONS will be commenced early next spring on the construction of a steam railway from Kamloops to the Salmon river, a distance of forty miles. It will pass through the town of Grand Prairie, and will open up a particularly fine agricultural land, some of which has as yet been uncultivated. New towns and villages will, it is anticipated, spring up along the line of the new railroad, and the enterprise as a whole will undoubtedly prove a great boon to that district of the country around Kamloops, and will serve as a fine agency of development.

The line is promoted by a party of American capitalists, and its original purpose is to provide transportation facilities for the gypsum beds at Salmon river, and which are now in the hands of this syndicate. Members of the syndicate reside in San Francisco and Tacoma, Wash., while one of them, Mr. W. A. Hardy, is a citizen of Vancouver at the present time. The new line will cost over a quarter of a million dollars and will be well equipped. It will be

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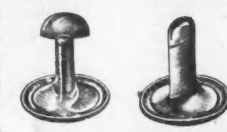
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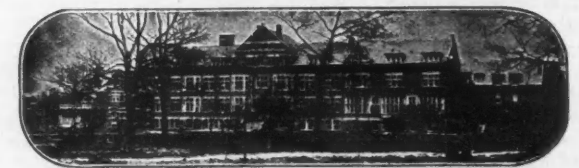
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GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director
Late Principal Upper Canada College.

standard gauge, and it is expected that there will be at least two passenger trains a day passing over it.

The plans of the syndicate include the erection of a big plant just outside of Kamloops and there the gypsum will be taken and manufactured into plaster paris and other bi-products. The plant will cost \$100,000 and will employ from two to three hundred men. There are two hundred and eighty-five acres of gypsum deposit at Salmon river, and the quality is said to be excellent.

The country through which the new railway will pass is, according to experts, particularly well adapted to fruit growing, and it is expected that there will be a great rush when the line begins to operate. Already the price of property is showing a tendency to advance, and the outlook as a whole is a most promising one.

The heart is made of the material which breaks the easiest and is soonest mended.

Leave three men together after dinner, you may be sure that conversation will turn upon women, and that it will be the oldest man who will begin.—Translated from Lisez-Moi.

CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, FLORIDA

are the favorite winter resorts, and the travel from Canada is constantly increasing, owing not only to the improved financial conditions of the people, but largely to the more comfortable and quicker transportation facilities, and the Grand Trunk Railway System is a leader in this. Round-trip tickets giving choice of all the best routes, going one way and returning another, together with full information and reservations may be obtained from any Grand Trunk Ticket Agent or write to J. D. McDonald, D. P. A., Toronto, Ont.

"What's this?" yelled the star. "Green snow? I won't stand for it." "You'll have to," retorted the manager. "White paper is so high that I told the property man to tear up a few stock certificates."—Pittsburg Post.

Mrs. Gaddie—My husband's so slipshod. His buttons are forever coming off. Mrs. Goode (severely)—Perhaps they are not sewn on properly. Mrs. Gaddie—That's just it. He's awfully careless about his sewing.—Judge.



THE p one soon to v the

To persons of habit, this is they envy the be off with the new so g is not a lucky It's a nice or perhaps if w very careful, ous cropper

The baby's cess, and she talks and sing in her high c of party you column, but pleasant and the shy little man," with w flirted shame! ma; the kind we all owe s and the you in the corner spoken to."

unexpected good luck to if she was ra stairs, and ha having to be strong enoug order, and g motherly arm tions in Gibl And in the soft glow of ing tree, by and Christmas was, baked (h how!) and th of the guests queen and l loneliness in hurried extir tapers and a the reaction one didn't w always does a decade or ture.

The lady paused on t opinions off the hand a of about thr she didn't st and who pau was safely climbed down talked to the Bobby came street. The hand; "Ple anxious wh him, Jackie finger on ye will be at hi ing at the lo gan to whi home," sai "Don't be m just go along going home, "We live do who had bee idea of quie ed hat a stu "I'll go alo and not bea monkey-fac blessed som threatening be scared s sure he's b heart, or h frighten b smiled at th boy, quick a mother's h hungry," sa piloted her, ing dire dis assuring Ja tates and p on her skin the head of miraculously muddy, wat Bobby wat woman had then he tur his beat. waved his h called acro by," wagg little paw, self to the and puddin delay.

The que ing wet, th ing water a of the stud pirants to p the theatr swayed in t

Lady Gay's Column

THE passing of the year has one tiresome feature. No sooner is one fairly trained to write the final figure in the date, than it is changed. To persons of methodical, mechanical habit, this is a real annoyance, and they envy the facile mind which can be off with the old love and on with the new so glibly. The present final is not a lucky one, so oculists tell us. It's a nice one to write though, and perhaps if we're very good and also very careful, we may not come a serious cropper in 1908.

The baby's tree was a grand success, and she loved it, loves it yet, and talks and sings to it by the half hour in her high chair. It wasn't the sort of party you read about in the society column, but none the less it was a pleasant and happy sort of gathering, the shy little boy, the quiet "widow-man," with whom the queen of the day flirted shamelessly; the proud pa and ma; the kindly little person to whom we all owe so much of our comfort, and the young man "who sat so still in the corner and smiled when he was spoken to." Besides, there was the unexpected guest, that bringer of good luck to the holiday party, and if she was rather knocked out by the stairs, and had symptoms of apoplexy, having to be planted in the first chair strong enough, she recovered in short order, and gathered the queen into motherly arms and had long conversations in Gibberish with her majesty. And in the sky-parlor, there was a soft glow of light from the scintillating tree, by which we all took tea and Christmas cake, (prince cake it was, baked by a lady who knows how!) and then there was a departing of the guests, and farewells from the queen and her slaves, and a brief loneliness in the sky-parlor, and a hurried extinguishing of the fairy tapers and a bustling about to dodge the reaction that might drown one, if one didn't watch out! But then, one always does watch out, the habit of a decade or so making it second nature.

The lady who had been celebrating paused on the corner to get a few opinions off her mind. She had by the hand a weirdly observant child of about three, who watched out that she didn't step on him, or fall on him, and who paused on the curb until she was safely on the street before he climbed down after her. While she talked to the world in general, a huge Bobby came majestically down the street. The tiny child tugged at her hand; "Pleece, ma!" said he, in an anxious whisper. "Never you mind him, Jackie! Let him dare lay a finger on ye, me boy, and yer mother will be at him." Jackie looked appealing at the looming policeman and began to whimper. "You go along home," said that worthy kindly. "Don't be makin' such a talking here, just go along home quietly!" "We're going home," said the baby earnestly. "We live down there." But the lady who had been celebrating had lost the idea of quietude: she gave her crooked hat a sudden slant and exclaimed: "I'll go along home when I please, and not before; you go along, you monkey-face! and don't be scaring me blessed son into fits, glaring and threatening the innocent child! Don't be scared of him, Jackie, me lamb, sure he's big, but he's a coward at heart, or he'd never be trying to frighten babies!" The policeman smiled at the small boy, and the small boy, quick as a flash, dragged at his mother's hand, "Come home, I'm hungry," said he diplomatically, and piloted her, muttering and threatening dire disaster to the whole force, assuring Jackie that he should have tates and pudding in a jiffy, stepping on her skirt, and diving from under the head of a horse, only to dodge miraculously past a motor, across the muddy, watery street. The great Bobby watched the pair until the woman had stumbled and the baby had climbed up to the other sidewalk, then he turned away and continued his beat. But before he went, he waved his huge hand to the baby, who called across in a shrill voice: "By-by," wagged the grimmest imaginable little paw, and then addressed himself to the business of securing tates and pudding with the least possible delay.

The queue was long and the evening wet, the passing vehicles splashing water and slush over the trousers of the students, clerks, and other aspirants to *paradis*, who waited outside the theatre. Sometimes the line swayed in to avoid these fountains of

filth, and took up half the sidewalk. A tall, young Bobby came prancing along in a masterful way, crying: "You fellows musn't break the line, and obstruct the way. Keep back, keep back," and as he backed up with outspread arms, gesticulating, this lordly Bobby walked right over me, who had just stepped out of a drug shop, with arms full of Christmas parcels! There was a squeak from me, a hurried apology from the Bobby and a perfect crowd of laughter from the queue! And finally we all had a jubilee together, for it was a delightful one on the Bobby, and none of my parcels got very wet and dirty. I love the queue, and always come that way to look at it, if I am down town at seven o'clock. There is the tall, young man in the fawn overcoat, who got there first, and stands reading the paper, with a policeman close by to see he doesn't edge an inch nearer the gallery door than the law allows; and then comes a fat little school boy, who will hang to the tall man's coat when the rush upstairs is in full cry. And there's the day before yesterday's shave, with a cigarette in his mouth and his Christie over one ear, and there's a pair of thinly clad, delicate looking fellows, as like as two peas, who whisper that they must sit side by side if it costs a leg, though what value such rails of legs as theirs would command one could never imagine! All sorts of fellows are in the queue, nice fellows, tough fellows, quiet fellows and fidgety fellows, but they are orderly as soldiers, respecting priority, patient under delay. Surely, only men could ever "faire la queue," women never could keep its unwritten laws!

"I wish," said a certain young housekeeper to me the other day, "that you'd write something about the time our mothers and fathers made us waste in learning to play the piano. What I'd give now, if I'd spent half that time learning to bake, and cut out garments and find out how to manage my allowance, to buy provisions, and select meat, and take care of my food and clothes and furniture. Girls ought to know all those things. Lady Gay. Why don't they get properly taught them?" Why, indeed? The homely sensible German training evokes. No, "why" of that sort, for the girls are born, bred and trained, "haus-fraus," and what mother knows, daughters know, and if mother can't teach them, *lante* does—they have to learn somehow. Not once but usually, one sees mother doing the housework, while daughter goes to her music lesson or practices at home, wearing the *lingerie* frocks which poor mistaken mother has laundered with aching back and head. This daughter never intends to do the same hard work in her married life, she's going to marry well, and play the piano till the cow comes home, but she forgets and falls in love with a young chap who is earning fifteen or twenty dollars a week, even less, I've known piano players marry a twelve dollar man and then what use are trills and arpeggios and octaves and sonatas and minuets and rhapsodies, when it's baking and sweeping and dusting and buying and sewing one has to take a hand in? Music study has a refining influence, to play well is delightful, —one never knows what one misses, not to have dreamed through the *Lieder ohne worte*, not to have thrilled to a dashing hunting song, not to have smelt the perfume of a gentle Beethoven sonata, nor have tasted the wine Chopin pours out, libation to the highest of the gods! All the little dear delicate soul-bits one cherishes are a joy for a lifetime, but they don't seem consoling when the cake is heavy and the coffee muddy—the steak burnt and the soup queer! No Chopin seems good, when one tries to clearstarch and iron and everything sticks and burns! Even the dear old *Lieder ohne worte* might as well be coon songs, when one buys a veteran hen for a spring chicken, or puts baking soda in the washbowl or washing soda in the cake!

LADY GAY.

Imagine, says Life, the average girl interviewing the actress:

Isn't it fascinating to be an actress? Doesn't all that make-up hurt your complexion?

I suppose you are all like one large family—aren't you?

Can you recognize anybody in the audience?

What is your favorite play? And why?

Doesn't that stuff ever get in your eyes?

Do you really feel the emotions you go through?

Which do you like best, comedy or tragedy? And why?

I know a great many actors and actresses, and I think they are so nice.

Flunkers—But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero. Professor—No, sir; neither do I. But it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give.

Good-day.—Yale Record.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Diana.—How can I possibly tell if you've "changed any" unless I had your former study to compare with this. Get wise, child! get wise.

Tessie, Toronto.—Answer in next number? Not for worlds, good maiden. August 7th brings you under Leo, a fire sign. This is a fine sign if carefully developed, but self must be put on one side to do this. Kindness, sympathy, generosity, are prominent in a well-developed Leo, emotion is generally strong, and intuition a great power. A truly awakened Leo has remarkable power in swaying public opinion. He or she loves that belonging to him or her with great loyalty and resents interference or criticism. To plan rather than work, to be sometimes lazy and bask in the sun, to enjoy creature comforts are Leo faults and characteristics and the cat nature, tricky, cunning, dishonest shows in the undeveloped specimens. Leo is governed by the sun, and an ardent, passionate impetuous nature is evolved. The best comrade for Leo is Sagittarius (December) or Aries (April), both fire signs. Your writing is ordinary, but promises good things.

F. B. C.—A pugnosed princess is a new one on me. The poetry certainly deserves your uncomplimentary adjective. December 2 brings you under Sagittarius, a fire sign, honest, direct, single minded, busy, enterprising, careful in detail, orderly, musical and disposed to occultism. Your natural writing has a good deal of quality, lacks culture and taste, is practical, somewhat forceful and also ambitious. The doggerel is written in an artificial back hand, might as well be in Chinese.

Poppy.—A generous, social, independent, practical nature is yours, as yet undisciplined and undecided in bent and purpose. You may easily become a pessimist, and are already tenacious and somewhat opinionated. You have neither the wish nor the power to dominate, are conservative, impatient, impetuous and strong. Referring to Temagami, I hope perhaps to see it next summer.

Maritana.—Your second letter just opened. Nov. 7 brings you under Scorpio, a grand sign, powerful and wise and tender and capable of help and comfort to the world, if properly developed and disciplined. You will notice that I often use those expressions. It is because I see so many fine but uncultivated and untrained specimens, that are going carelessly on, not doing themselves justice. I suppose I delineated your writing. It is well worthy of study.

Avalon.—Thanks old man, for the timely good wish. I never think of you, without wishing you may soon (this summer I hope) be away off to see Placentia and the little maid and hear her goat story. I daren't tell it in the paper. She might not like it. Good luck!

Puck.—Oh you January people! You goats! When you write long creeds discussing whether you're going to believe whatever I tell you, you do make me weary and profane. As if anyone cared, good spirit, whether you believed or were d—, well I won't say what the creed does. Backhand writing is rarely worth delineating. You are generous but wavering, over apt to confide, hopelessly prolix, with very little power or purpose, tenacious, argumentative. Oh, what a hand for that nom de plume.

Alone.—What are you best suited for? Well, not a solitary life. There is a good deal of speculative thought, some sentiment and a little modicum of self-assertion in your lines. You are not easily moved from an opinion, have scarcely any vanity, ambition or desire for display. Fairly good sequence of ideas, rather fine intuition, some taste and love of art and beauty are shown. The sign governing your birth was Scorpio, under full strength. It is a water sign and its children love voyages by sea. You have a good deal of observation and fairly good system.

Big Bill.—It makes no difference whether you know me by sight, I'd just as soon dissect my best friend, if I could do so without knowing it, but that of course wouldn't be possible, graphologists never quite forget a writing.

October 8 brings you under Libra, an air sign, mercurial and unsettled until properly trained and controlled. Libra people are delightfully original, fearless and facile in expression. Your writing shows thought and selection, neither the wish nor the power to rule, great care for proper and fitting appearance and rather a fine touch of reverence. It is not a cultured, refined or magnetic study, but it has the power of adaptability, some hope, practical effort, and a good deal of ability. I am sure the writing is characteristic, but also sure that it is rendered less vital and eloquent by that accident.

Codfish Maude.—I was charmed with the fish picture, though the other is more likely our dear self. It is a real grief to me not to have had time to send you a Christmas letter, but it was impossible. Kindest regards to the doctor and much love to you. I shall certainly write the very first time I have. I am promising about forty others the same thing.

In Rebus Arctis.—This is a strong, materialistic, courageous and not very hopeful person, with power and the will to use it. There is decided originality, frankness, self-reliance and tenacity shown, but not very level or consistent judgment. The writer is capable of very warm affection, and loves also luxury and ease. A certain ability and some grace of expression are suggested in the study.

Catherine M.—You certainly have. You are bright and intuitive, dominant, long-headed, purposeful, ambitious, somewhat susceptible and appreciative of the opposite sex. A clever, self-sufficient and fine person.

The True and the Untrue.

He was a dog.
But he stayed at home
And guarded the family night and day.

He was a dog
That didn't roam.

He lay on the porch or chased the stray—
The tramp, the burglar, the hen away;

For a dog's true heart for that household beat
At morning and evening, in cold and heat.

He was a dog.

He was a man.
And didn't stay
To cherish his wife and children fair.

He was a man
And every day
His heart grew callous, its love beats rare,

He thought of himself at the close of day
And, cigar in his fingers, hurried away

To the club, the lodge, the store, the show.
But he had a right to go you know.

He was a man.
—Frances E. Townsley in New York Globe.

A little girl came running to tell about a mad dog she had seen. "We saw a mad dog!" she gasped, but the words seemed too tame to do justice to the situation. "Oh, he was mad!" she added, frowning and pumping her fists. "He was furious!" —Harper's Weekly.

After taking an anti-fat treatment for a week, an obese person received a bill. "But, doctor," he protested, "I haven't lost an ounce. The bill is too big." "The bill," the doctor informed him, curtly, "is part of the treatment." —Philadelphia Ledger.

"I'd like to know," said Dumley, "what this quotation means: 'Sic transit gloria mundi'?" "Search me!" replied Wiggins. "Those first two words, though, sound as if they might have something to do with an ambulance." —Philadelphia Press.

Nervous Old Lady (on seventh floor of hotel)—Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire? Porter—Yes, mum; he has the place insured for twice what it's worth. —Home Herald.

"Well, how's your daughter getting on in college?"

"She's not learning much out of books, but she can already borrow money as well as her brother in the university!" —Translated from Megendorfer Blatter.

"Thomas A. Edison has perfected a way to build a three storey house in twelve hours at a cost of \$1,000."

Now, if he'll perfect a way to houseclean in it twelve hours, he'll be a daisy. —Home Herald.

"Well, among the hundred and odd novels published this year mine has a unique distinction, anyhow."

"Indeed?" "Yes. It hasn't been announced as the best seller." —Brownings.

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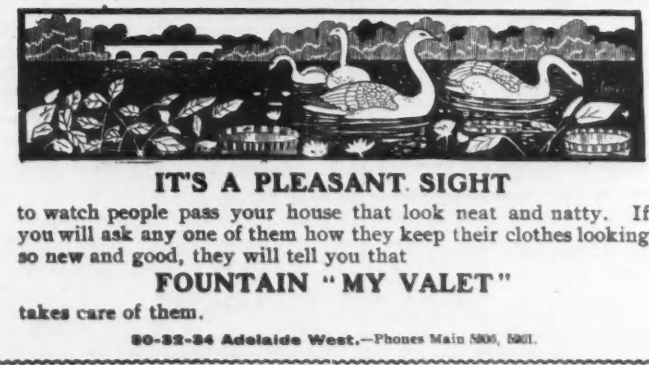
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Friday Night.

Jan. 13—"GOLDEN CROOK"

In a critique on a performance of

Handel's "Messiah" the Dublin Evening

Telegraph tells us that "Mr. Magrath's

rendering of 'Why do the Nations' was a performance seldom

heard and never excelled." This is

high praise indeed. At the same time

we feel compelled to mention that we

know a less prominent vocalist

whose rendering of the same song,

though never heard at all, has not

only never been excelled, but has

never even been equalled.—Punch.

Owing to the death of her mother,

Mrs. Oxley, Mrs. Edward Hay will

not receive again this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble re-

turned recently from a visit to Mr.

and Mrs. Willie Hope in Montreal.



THE attraction at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week will be a complete scenic production of "The Christian." Of this strong drama Hall Caine, the author, says: "The play is not in an ordinary sense a dramatic version of 'The Christian.' The author has taken the two principal characters of the novel, as well as the motive of their relation to each other, and made an independent drama of new incidents and fresh surroundings—just as he might have taken two characters from history and constructed thereon a play which could

with the theatrical profession.

Blanche Walsh, in Jacob Gordin's drama, "The Kreutzer Sonata," will be the attraction at the Princess Theatre the first half of next week with a special matinee on Wednesday. Miss Walsh will be surrounded by the same company, and the production will be the same in which she was recently seen at the Manhattan and Herald Square Theatres, New York, when the play and the powerful acting of Miss Walsh attracted the attention of all lovers of tragic acting. Miss Walsh played to a capacity business during her entire appearance. "The Kreutzer Sonata" is the first of Jacob Gordin's plays to be acted in English, although during the past ten years more than seventy of them have been acted with great success in Yiddish.

"The Kreutzer Sonata" has absolutely nothing in common with Tolstoi's book of that name. The plot chiefly concerns a high-class Russian Jew, his wife, his eldest daughter, Hattie, and his youngest daughter, Celia. At the beginning of the play, the eldest daughter has been secretly married to a Russian, but finding that the marriage will not be recognized either by church or state, her husband in despair has shot himself. Her unborn child, therefore, she knows will be deemed illegitimate. To shield her disgrace, her father insists that she marry Gregoire, her social inferior, and emigrate to America. Gregoire accepts Hattie with the full knowledge of the facts. The second act presents the domestic situation six years later, and it seems that Hattie is subjected to every humiliation and cruelty on the part of her husband, and the perfidy of her sister Celia, who brazenly courts her husband's attentions. Hattie is forced to submit because she knows that the alternative would create a scandal which would fall on the head of her child, revealing the fact that he has no parentage. Her sister, her husband, and even her mother goad and torment her beyond human endurance. All this leads up to the final tragedy.

Although a new play to English speaking audiences, "The Kreutzer Sonata," is not by any means an unknown nor uncertain quantity. In the role of Hattie Friedlander, Miss Walsh has one of the strongest emotional roles in her career as an actress. Her supporting company has been selected with care, and comprises

among others: Mr. Albert Andrus, Mr. William Travers, Mr. George W. Howard and the Misses Jean Patriquin, Alma Kruger, Jessie Ralph, and Virginia Bray.

Another charming western play is announced for the latter half of next week at the Princess Theatre. The scenes are laid in a Nevada mining camp, and the story concerns the fortunes of three children to whom has been bequeathed the gold mine, around which moves the main incidents of the play. The mine has been named "The Three of Us," which gives the title to the play, and the plot is worked out with all the breeziness and clear-cut naturalness that characterize every day life in a western mining camp. All the situations are worked out easily and gracefully, and Carlotta Nilsson, of whom much has been heard of late, depicts with artistic shading, the girlish coquetry, the depth and womanliness, the daintiness and the deep despair, alternately called for by the vicissitudes undergone.

Madison Square Theatre, New York, was thronged all last season with crowds that were enthusiastic in their appreciation of the beautiful scenery and the satisfying manner in which the story of the drama was told, and since the company has gone on the road there have been equally strong evidences of public satisfaction with the play.

With Miss Nilsson are to be seen, Frederick Truesdell, Stanley Dark, Clinton Lloyd, Forest Wiant, Emile Collins, Edna West and Eva Vincent. There will be four performances, with a matinee on Saturday.

Marie Lloyd, the well-known English comedienne, a favorite of the London music halls, who has taken New York by storm, and is one of the sensational successes of the season, headlines next week's bill at Shea's. Other well known acts to be seen are those given by Mason and Keeler, Frank Bush, DeWitt Burns and Torrance, Reidy and Curry, Paulton and Dooley, Clara Ballerina. The kinetograph will, as usual, present timely and interesting pictures.

No one with a good digestion could find fault with "Brewster's Millions," which is making many people laugh at the Princess Theatre this week. It



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THE KREUTZER SONATA

is an excellent holiday attraction—highly amusing, clean, and adequately acted. Monty Brewster undertakes to spend within a year a million dollars left him by his grandfather, in order to inherit seven millions from an uncle. He must not disclose his object, and when he sets out to make the money fly, the most ludicrous situations arise, and his friends finally conclude that he is crazy. However, all ends as it should. Edward Abeles, who plays the leading role, is being given the warmest sort of reception at every performance, being recalled again and again on opening night. The other roles are capably played, although of course they are not taxing.

At the Royal Alexandra "The School for Scandal" is being exceedingly well produced this week. The new leading man, Mr. Charles McKay, made his first appearance, and there is no doubt that he will prove very popular with the many patrons of this popular house.

SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra had a New Year's eve dance, to which they asked only a part of their large circle of friends, and as is customary at holiday time, older as well as younger ones joined in welcoming the New Year. Supper was bountifully served at the "witching hour," and "Happy New Year" the best word spoken.

The marriage of Miss May Blackburn, daughter of Mrs. P. G. Close, and Mr. Thomas William Francis Norton, of Vancouver, took place at Mr. Close's residence in Parkdale, on New Year's eve. Rev. George Faskett officiating. Miss Maude Close was bridesmaid and Rev. T. Crawford Brown was best man. The bride wore a Limerick lace dress, mounted on chiffon and silk, a tulle veil and a crown of real orange blossoms, from Casa Loma conservatories. Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Captain Reginald Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Schuch and other relatives were the only guests. Mr. and Mrs. Norton, of Calgary, parents of the groom, were present. The bride and groom will make their home in Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Garvin and Captain and Mrs. Clyde Caldwell were up from Ottawa for the holidays with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Cosbie, of Rose avenue, have gone to Florida. Mrs. Will Lamont, of Roxborough street, nee Cosbie, has accompanied her parents for a short visit South.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. W. B. Meikle on the sudden death of his wife from heart failure last Saturday. Mrs. Meikle, who, with her husband, came from the old country not very long ago, has not been strong for some time. Mr. Meikle took the managership of the Western Assurance, on the retirement of Mr. Kenny last year and is a whole-souled and genial Scotsman, who was devoted to his wife. Mrs. Meikle's funeral took place on Monday to Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

A very pretty house wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. William Walton Carr, of Stoughton, on December 24, Rev. A. McKenzie officiating. The bride was Miss Ardena Carr, daughter of Mr. Francis T. Carr, of Eugenia Falls, Ont., and the groom Mr. Matthew Gibson Bailey, of Toronto. It was the prettiest event that has ever taken place in or about the town, the drawing room being beautifully garlanded with flowers and Christmas bells. The bride was unattended and was given away by her father. She was gown in Battenburg lace over ivory chiffon taffeta en princesse with touches of gold. The bride's travelling costume was chiffon broadcloth in hunter's green, with picture hat to match. She was the recipient of many handsome gifts from her large circle of friends in Toronto as well as the West. The happy pair will reside in Winnipeg.



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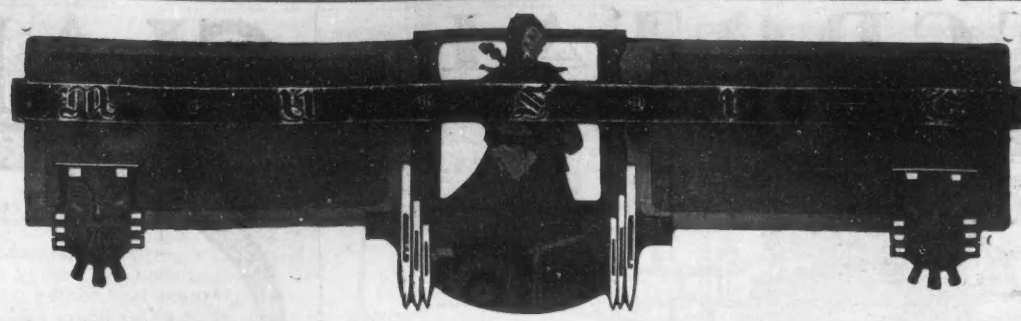
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THE death of a near relative prevented me from attending Dr. Torrington's twenty-fifth production of the oratorio "The Messiah." I have therefore to cull my report from the daily press.

The Mail says: The annual production of Handel's "Messiah," under the baton of Dr. F. H. Torrington, at Massey Hall last night proved to be a veritable love feast. It was the twenty-fifth occasion on which Dr. Torrington has conducted the oratorio in this city and the jubilee received official and fraternal recognition. The audience was a very large one and burst into salvos of applause when, after the second part of the work had been sung, Mayor Coatsworth walked on the platform, accompanied by a page bearing a large illuminated address, to tender the official congratulations of the corporation of the city of Toronto. After brief remarks, expressive of personal friendship, the Mayor read the address prepared by the City Council, of which a sentence read: "You have indeed a legitimate claim to the title which has been fondly bestowed upon you—the Father of Good Music in Toronto." His work, it was added, had been essentially a work of civic patriotism and the usual good wishes for the future were added. The address was signed by Emerson Coatsworth, mayor, W. J. Littlejohn, city clerk; and R. T. Coady, city treasurer.

Dr. Torrington read his reply, which was brief, modest and historical, alluding to his arrival from Boston in 1873, his connection with the old Philharmonic Society, the first Toronto Festival of 1886, the Festival of 1894 on the occasion of the opening of Massey Hall, and the formation of the Royal Chorus of 1901, when the Prince of Wales visited Toronto. He was loudly applauded, but a most happy surprise awaited him and the audience as well when Mr. E. W. Schuch came on the platform and, on behalf of musicians of Toronto, presented Mr. Torrington with a very large and commodious easy chair. Mr. Schuch alluded to himself as an old chorister, soloist and friend of Dr. Torrington's, and the address he read was couched in the most appreciative phrases. It alluded to his unwavering and enthusiastic efforts in the cause of music. The growth of local interest in the art bore witness to his self-denying and enthusiastic energy. He ranked among them "as the creator and builder of an education which today contributes nearly two thousand trained voices organized in various choral efforts." A gracious allusion to Mrs. Torrington met with ringing approval from the members of the Festival Chorus. The address was signed by Mr. Schuch and the following committee: E. Fisher, Mus. Doc.; A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc.; J. M. Sherlock; H. M. Fletcher; F. S. Welsman; W. O. Forsyth; W. E. Fairclough, F.R.C.O.; T. A. Blakeley; E. Hardy, Rechab Tandy and Donald C. MacGregor; Albert Ham, Mus. Doc., chairman, and W. Y. Archibald, hon. secretary-treasurer. In addition there were appended the names of almost every male musician of prominence in the city.

Dr. Torrington made an impromptu speech of a very happy character, expressing the very great pleasure that the thoughtfulness of his brother musicians had obviously given him. He said, that since he had come to Toronto, in 1873, he had always worked for music and musicians as a whole, and not against any one. When he came here there were less than half a dozen men earning their living by music, and at least one of these had thought he came to take away his livelihood. He had taken away no man's bread, and the result of his work had been that he created more activity for that individual. If he had accomplished anything it had been a labor of love; in a financial sense he might have profited more had he been a carpenter; his aim had been that of the bee in the hive, to bring in more honey for all. Needless to say the conductor was again vociferously applauded when he concluded his speech and resumed his baton.

The performance of the greatest of all oratorios was in a choral sense one of the finest that Dr. Torrington has ever given. As was pointed out earlier in the season the Festival Chorus of 1907 is made up of fine, spontaneous singers, with resonant voice of good quality, particularly in

the soprano and bass sections. They sang the mighty choruses last night as though they knew them backward, and the veteran at the conductor's desk was obviously in fine fettle. The stirring attack and the massive tone in the climaxes made the vast choruses like "Hallelujah," and "Lift up Your Heads, O Ye Gates" especially thrilling. In the past ten days the oratorio has been sung in many cities, and the critics have not failed to remark the vitality and vigorous inspiration which makes a work a century and several decades old so acceptable to modern listeners. They could also remark on the unflagging melodic inspiration so remarkable in a man as old as was Handel when he composed the "Messiah." The audience which it always commands differs in some degrees from any other which assembles in Massey Hall during the year. It is not the less appreciative on that account, and seems to drink in the majestic strains with a joy that the sophisticated concert-goer might well envy. The throng for whom the oratorio is the musical event of the year did not seem at all disturbed by the fact that it was well on toward half past eleven before the last phrase was sung. There were few cuts, the most notable being "The Trumpet Shall Sound," omitted because the trumpet is apt to sound deucedly bad. A few more could have been made without loss to anyone's enjoyment. Dr. Torrington had drilled efficiently an orchestra adequate to his needs, and his gracious playing of the lovely interlude, known as the Pastoral Symphony, won a demand for a repetition. The quartette of soloists were individually of a quality equal to the great demands the work makes upon them. Mrs. Shanna Cumming, of New York, the soprano soloist, is no stranger to Toronto audiences. Her light soprano voice is of peculiarly appealing quality; her enunciation is perfect, and her thorough mastery of the traditional oratorio style obvious. The audience had been too much interested by the felicitous occurrences immediately preceding it to give due appreciation to her sincere and moving rendering of "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth!" Not only in the "Messiah," but in many of his works, Handel composed much beautiful, appealing and unornamented music for the contralto voice, but the oratorio is particularly rich in such numbers. "He Shall Feed His Flock" and "He Was Despised" have always been especial favorites. Mrs. Carter-Merry was in admirable voice last night, and sang her beautiful numbers with that authority and distinction of style which always characterizes her work. Mr. E. C. Towne, of Chicago, who was allotted the tenor arias, was, Dr. Torrington informed the audience, suffering from a bad cold, but effectively concealed the fact in his robust singing. The declamatory fire he imparted to "Thou Shall Break Them" quite captured the audience. Mr. H. Ruthven MacDonald, the basso, is the possessor of a smooth, mellow voice, exceptionally flexible for one so heavy. As of yore, he won deserved enthusiasm by his stirring and direct, yet musically handling of the difficult and highly ornamented solo "Why do the Nations," nor were his other solos less well worthy of appreciation.

Mr. A. S. Vogt's "Indian Lullaby," for women's voices, which was sung at last season's concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir is being sung at several points across the border this year, the last society to perform it being the Detroit Church Choral Society, under Mr. Alexander.

The Cincinnati correspondent of the New York Musical Courier, in announcing the programs for next season's Cincinnati festival, states that Humperdinck's "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar" will then receive its first American performance. This charming work was sung last season by the Mendelssohn Choir, when its impressive performance won for it much favor from the large audience then present.

The following selections will be included in the programme of the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Competition, at Ottawa, February 24: Men's choruses, Dr. H. Walford Davies, "Hymn before Action" (Novello); women's choruses, Jas. H. Rogers "O My Love is like a Red, Red Rose" (Ditson); mixed choruses, Elgar's "My Love dwelt in a Northern

Land"; orchestras, Entrante in B minor, Schubert (Cranz). Entries close on February 1, with the secretary, J. C. T. O'Hara, Ottawa.

CHERUBINO.

The evening classes for the study of Shakespeare's works at the Model School of Music, under instruction of Miss Ida M. Dudgeon, A.T.C.M., are this week beginning the study of Hamlet. These classes are proving highly successful.

The work of the school in all departments is showing a healthy growth, for which it has been found necessary to increase the studio accommodation this season, and arrangements have been made for further additions to the facilities in the next few weeks.

Captain Scott-Harden will give his very interesting illustrated lecture, "A Vision of the East," in the Greek Theatre of the Margaret Eaton School of Expression on Thursday evening, January 9, at eight o'clock. Captain Scott-Harden leaves early in February with a party of Canadians for a tour of India over the route by which he travelled with their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1905-06, as correspondent to The Times of India.

SUMMER IN WINTER.

To escape the wintry winds try the sunny island of Bermuda, the scene of Shakespeare's "Tempest."

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In dark purple spheres of sea.
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I PICKED it up in northern Spain
This "Relic of the rosy reign
Of Francis First or Charlemagne."
(So read the sign.)
In woful, stringless deshabille
It made such fervent, mute appeal
That on the spot I closed the deal
That made it mine.

It does not very kindly take
To these six strings of modern make,
And yet it is not hard to wake
Its voice to song.

The voice, perchance, that helped to seal
The fate of fair Blanche of Castile
When Thibault with designing zeal
Sang low and long.

This tracery of tortoise shell
If it could speak might softly tell
How many bosoms rose and fell
With questionings;
These ivory keys recall the touch
Of fingers trembling overmuch
Because of Master Cupid's clutch
At other strings!

It may be that some swarthy Moor
Or gentle love-sick Troubadour
Oft used these very frets to lure
His lady fair,
Immortal Villon may, perchance,
Have strummed the strings to gay
romance,
Some neat ballade of ancient France,
Light, debonair.

I love to think that Blondel may
Have borne it on his weary way
When through long night and lonely
day,

By mead and brine,
He sought his long-imprisoned king—
How throbbled with mighty joy each
string
When lo, at last he heard him sing
At Durrenstein!

And now, here in my studio,
It breathes of that sweet Long Ago
When Beranger, Ronsard, Marot,
Clemence Isaure . . .
With lai and chaunt beloved so well
Wove wreaths of fadeless asphodel,
And garlanded with magic spell
Their deathless lore.

—Clarence Umy in Appleton's.

New York is proudly exhibiting a mummy 4,000 years old because it came from Egypt, but, strangely enough, it shows little veneration for its prehistoric horse-cars.—Chicago Daily News.



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When we are together, just you and I.

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OTHER POINTS OF VIEW

THIS piece of comment, by Harper's Weekly, of New York, on "Business for its Own Sake," may be read with profit in Canada as well as in the United States:

In so far as it is true that in New York men do business for the sake of doing business, and because business is the only thing in which they are qualified to take interest, while in Paris men do business in order to get money and leisure to enjoy other pursuits, it is a difference of considerable importance. Of course it is not universally true, but it is true, we think, in a large enough measure to constitute a recognizable difference between New York and Paris. Most of the people in New York try to make money in business because they want the things that money can buy. Plenty of our people have beautiful homes and enjoyment of them—especially country homes—and a great many people like to travel, but the number of those who work hard and lay up money in order to retire from business and have leisure to be interested in politics, art, and literature is not so large as it might be. We are rather prone in this country at this period of its development to make an end of what should be a means. Our successful men of business are apt to devote themselves so intensely to their work that by the time they have won the command of leisure to enjoy things worthier of enjoyment, they have lost their taste for anything except business, and stick to that because the only alternative they see is a year or two of travel and then dry-rot. So our men of business, as a rule, are disinclined to retire, and are apt to die in harness. Comparatively few of them are of the mind of our patriarchal fellow townsman, Mr. John Bigelow, who has laid it down as a rule of life that a man ought to aim to save up a competence by the time he is fifty, so as to be quit of the need of working for money for the rest of his life, and be free to devote himself to labors for the benefit of society. The French are thrifter than we are. They are more foresighted, and save money better as they go along, and are more content when the time comes to live on their savings. And they seem to have better ideas than we have as yet attained to about the reasonable and stable enjoyment of life.

THE custom of giving wedding presents is much less fashionable in smart circles than it used to be, and London is largely responsible for the change.

Not long ago an English bride to be, the daughter of a noble house, sent out with the invitations to her wedding a request that no wedding presents should be given. Previous to that several brides socially high up had verbally expressed themselves in the same way, but as it is not possible to reach in this way the hundreds of persons asked to a big wedding, their sentiments were not known except to the few intimates from whom a gift would probably be received, no matter what the bride's feeling on the subject might be. Since then fashionable English brides have set their faces against receiving wedding presents from any but relatives, and in London the vogue of sending wedding presents indiscriminately is dying fast.

New York dealers (says The Bellman) claim there has been no falling off in the demand for wedding presents. But when mothers and daughters who are identified with the very wealthy class are approached on the same subject they tell quite another story. The other day when a young and very charming widow identified with the Newport colony and the Long Island hunting set announced her approaching marriage she also announced that she didn't want any wedding presents. That she would go so far as to have a notice to that effect included in the wedding invitations is not likely. A social leader in the same set says she thinks it quite unlikely that Americans will go so far as that in any case. In the days when numerically New York society was below rather than above the 400 mark the wedding present problem was easy enough.

Weddings were comparatively small then and the guests were for the most part well acquainted with one another and with the bride and bridegroom. There was considerable sentiment attached to wedding gifts, which were not anything like so costly as they afterward came to be. Handmade gifts were then included in the array and were valued quite as highly as are pearl necklaces now.

Had not society grown so fast no change probably would have taken place, in the etiquette of bridal gifts. As it was, the custom of giving wedding presents reached almost a frenzy. Persons known scarcely more than by name to either family and who were invited only to the church

sent valuable gifts. Friends invited to the house felt that unless they could give a present they really ought to stay away. If some social authorities are correct, half a dozen years ago the guest at a house wedding who did not send a gift was deemed very peculiar, to say the least. At that time brides who would have been quite shocked if accused of bad taste, exhibited two or three hundred wedding gifts with the carous of the donors in plain view and there was speculation among the brides-to-be as to which would get the most numerous and the most valuable presents.

It was just about then, it seems, that a reaction began to set in. Women of good taste were beginning to squirm—as one of them expressed it—at being placed under obligations to persons with whom they were not intimate, of having valued friends feel at a disadvantage because not able to give the bride as much as the next one gave, and of having their daughter begin married life mortgaged to some extent to extend similar courtesies to several hundred persons whether she could afford it or not. This charge has become more marked every year since. It was soon the exception for wedding presents to be shown to any but a favored few. Next when gifts were displayed to the chosen ones cards were removed beforehand. It began to be known that one might accept an invitation to a house ceremony or to the reception at the house after a church ceremony and not send a present to the bride without feeling hopelessly disgraced. Those quick to discern the fashionable trend, the signs of the times, discovered that it was considered better form not to send a gift unless the sender was counted among the close friends of the family. Needless to say these signs have been and probably will be disregarded. That is why, to quote the same authority again, the wedding present habit is threatened with extinction so far as the dear 500 friends are concerned.

CHICAGO seems to have fallen up on evil days and our sympathy for her is intensified by the patient and meek silence in which she receives a regular series of unmerited rebuffs. Only the other day (says The Argonaut, of San Francisco) the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia made an unkind allusion to the ample feet supposed to be peculiar to the women of Chicago and now here is Miss Ivah de Chipenham, who travels all the way from New York "to try the suggestion method of transforming Chicago's ugly ladies." This sounds something like the man who has struggled in vain against misfortune for half a lifetime and who at last determines to try the effect of prayer. We may assume that "Chicago's ugly ladies" have given massage and cosmetics a fair trial and that now, in their despair, they will resort to suggestion.

This sounds very interesting. Purely from the academic point of view we should like to know how to become beautiful by suggestion. There is no practical way in which we could use the information, but merely as an addition to human knowledge it would be valuable. We have no means of knowing Miss Ivah de Chipenham's methods, which, presumably, she imparts for a consideration, but she furnishes an outline in her introductory lecture which may serve as a basis for research. She says: "While you are doing your exercises in the morning you must put away all envious, jealous, malicious thoughts. Then you must say, trying at the same time to look pleasant.

"In thyself lies triumph or defeat. "Gracious lives make graceful women."

"Be generous in thought, word, and deed."

It sounds simple enough, considering the results that are to accrue from it, and if we were in need of treatment we would certainly try it. There are eighteen exercises in all, suited, we may suppose, to various kinds or varieties of homeliness. Whatever the blemish may be there will be an appropriate aphorism to remove it. Large feet may be reduced in size by a sufficient number of repetitions, while freckles, moles and birthmarks will cease to be when confronted with their appropriate formulas. There will no longer be any need for dress improvers, bust enlargers, hip removers, or any of those cunning devices by which science comes to the aid of nature. All we need do is to find the fitting incantation and repeat it with the necessary frequency. Of course, there were doubters at the preliminary lecture who found it hard to believe that the gates of heaven were actually swinging ajar in front of their eyes. One lady, who we are sure was disinterested, wanted to know if the beautiful thought method would enable the angular to take on

curves. "Certainly it would," said Miss Ivah de Chipenham, "with exercise and diet and in extreme cases a little cocoa butter." It is to be wished that Miss Ivah had stuck to her guns. There is a fatal confession of weakness about the exercise and diet and cocoa butter. She might have said similarly that the beautiful thought method would re-cover a bald head with the aid of a wig, or remove an aching tooth with the aid of a dentist. Miss Ivah is lacking in faith and must be classed with the weak brother who recommended Christian Science and citrate of magnesia as a remedy for excesses at Christmas.

The Story of the Hurons

The Indian Tribe which once inhabited a large section of what is now Simcoe County, Ontario.

THE history of the Hurons, the Indian tribe which occupied that part of the present province of Ontario lying between Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay, has been the source of much interest to ethnologists and archaeologists. Notably among those who have given the subject much attention is C. C. James, M.A., Deputy Minister of Agriculture, who has aroused a new interest in this important chapter in the history of the country.

Mr. James says that in the seventeenth century when the Huron Indians were first visited by the French they lived in fixed villages, occupying five towns all in what is the eastern part of the present county of Simcoe. These villages were fortified and contained a population of twenty thousand people, nearly as many as are in eastern Simcoe at the present day. They were not hunters, but farmers, and raised corn, hemp and sunflowers. The corn was their chief article of food, and it was grown on the same ground year after year until the soil became exhausted, when they were forced to seek new fields. The sunflowers were grown mainly for the oil with which they smeared their bodies, and for use on the hair, while the hemp was converted into fishing nets and for many used of cord. Besides being farmers the Hurons were traders and carried on a continual intercourse with their neighbors. They lived in what may be described as houses or cabins built of saplings set in two parallel rows, thirty feet apart and twenty high. The tops were bent and lashed together to form a roof, with openings at intervals. Some of these buildings were 200 feet long and might be occupied by twenty families each with their separate fire. The sleeping places were bunks made along the walls. There was a compartment at the end of the house used as a storeroom for corn, fish, sunflowers and other articles of food. Along the upper poles were hung their bows and arrows, clothing, skins and cluster of ear corn.

Mr. James next refers to the coming of the Recollet Missionaries, who soon gave place to the Jesuits, and graphically describes their great work among the Indians of the wilderness. Their devotion to the work undertaken, their zeal and their sacrifices, and finally their death at the hands of the Iroquois, the implacable foes of the Hurons, are realistically portrayed. The coming of the Iroquois, the terrible conflict which extended over years, and finally terminated in the almost complete annihilation of the Hurons, is interestingly detailed, concluding with the tracing of the Hurons and the Petuns, which Mr. James divides into five groups:

A considerable number of the Hurons became incorporated in the Iroquois nation. Many were taken prisoners and adopted into the confederacy; others, strange to say, appear to have gone by choice. They maintained their identity for many years.

Another band sought refuge among the Eries, only to be wiped out later on when the Iroquois so completely destroyed that nation.

In the year following the great dispersion, the Jesuit priests, followed by a band, set out from Christian Island, taking the old trade route. After running the gauntlet of Iroquois guerrilla bands, they finally reached Quebec. The Hurons were settled upon the Island of Orleans. Thither the relentless Iroquois followed them and made life so uncertain that after eight years of ceaseless attacks, they sought shelter for a time right in the heart of the city adjacent to the fort. Afterwards they were removed to the fort. Afterwards they were removed to Beauport, again to the old Lorette, and in 1670 finally located at New Lorette,

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Our importations of hand made white wear from Austria have proved highly successful, the fact that our buyer personally visited that country and made his own selections and has worked out decidedly advantages for our January sale—First in the matter of styles and qualities, and secondly in price. Handsome hand made Lingerie sets composed of 4 pieces—Chemise—Drawers—Corset Cover and Night Gowns at 12.50, 15.00 and 22.50, for the 4 pieces. These prices are a full third below what we've ever sold similar qualities or before.

Handsome Lingerie undershirts of beautiful fine sheer lawn, handsomely embroidered by hand, under lawn frill val trimmed, fine lawn dust ruffle, \$32.00. Sam. style trimmed with hand made lace \$40.00

Beautiful Lingerie undershirts, entire ruffle of hand feathered swiss, joined with val. insertion drop skirt and dust ruffle, finished with beading and ribbons. \$33.00

Handsome hand embroidered night gowns, new slip over styles \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$5.50 and up to \$15.00. Also fancy styles at \$17.50 to \$27.00.

Hand made, hand embroidered Corset Covers, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00 and up to \$15.00.

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Hand made, hand embroidered Drawers, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up to \$28.00.

Exclusive hand made models—Lingerie undershirt and dressing jacket to match for bedroom wear—Made of the finest sheer French muslin, beautifully embroidered by hand, lace and ribbon trimmed.

DAINTY COMBINATIONS

3 pieces in one—Corset Cover, Drawers and skirt—Corset Cover, full front, fitted back, lace trimmed, drawers and knee skirt, finished nainsook, dainty laces, insertion and beading, prices, \$5.75, or more elaborately trimmed with laces and medallions. Special \$6.00.

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Huron Lorette, as it is called, where their descendants live to this day.

Another band crossed from Christian Island to Manitoulin, but the Iroquois were on their trail, and after a sojourn of a few years, they loaded their canoes and headed for the mouth of the French river—they were off for Quebec to join their brothers who had preceded them.

The last section of the fugitives sought a home at Mackinac Island, whence on pressure from the Iroquois they removed to the shores of Lake Superior. Here a new home was established in St. Esprit along side of a band of the Ottawa. Another enemy worried them, an enemy from the west this time, the Sioux. Father Marquette now comes upon the scene and enters into their history. The home upon Lake Superior is broken up. The Ottawas go down the Manitoulin and Father Marquette and the Hurons form another settlement and mission opposite the Island of Mackinac in 1870, to which the name of St. Ignace is given. It may be interesting to note that it was probably some of these Huron Indians who accompanied Marquette in his discovery of the Mississippi.

A Fine Example of Red Tape.

A RED tape record has been established by the French Colonial Department, says The Matin, of Paris. Some eighteen months ago the Governor of Martinique found that he needed some pins and a corkscrew in his office. He sent for his secretary and asked him to get them.

The secretary pointed out that any such expenditure must be sanctioned by the Ministry of Colonies. The Governor accordingly telegraphed to Paris, "Please send at once 11-2 pounds of pins and two corkscrews."

The Minister sent the telegram to the accountants' department "for approximate estimate of the outlay to be incurred." The chief accountant noted that in his opinion the expense would be excessive, observing that his wife did not use so many pins even for her most elaborate dresses. So he sent the telegram and the note to the director of the political department, who drew up a long, and, on the whole, favorable, report of the Governor's character, and thought the request for the pins was reasonable if they were not purchased at an exorbitant figure.

The dossier went next to the commission of purchases which was divided as to whether the pins should be bought by private contract or otherwise. They finally decided on the former, and returned the dossier to the political department, which sent

it back to the accountant's, who passed it on to the Minister, who thought the purchase should not be made by private contract and sent it back to the accountant's, who transferred it to the political department, who handed it on to the commission of purchases, which decided after all that private contract was not the best method and sent the huge dossier back to the Minister, via the political department and the accountant's.

Then the Minister sanctioned the expenditure and after more journeyings the dossier returned to the commission of purchases, which was given a free hand. By this time the Governor's telegram had been travelling fourteen months, and was buried in the midst of 2,427 documents concerning it, while the pins in the bundle were nearly as numerous as those the Governor needed.

King Edward has quite a number of thrones. There is one at Buckingham Palace and another in St. James' Palace. There is a third at Windsor—a beautiful affair of carved ivory, adorned with all sorts of gems, especially emeralds, and was presented to the late Queen Victoria by the Maharajah of Travancore. It stands at the farther end of the chief audience chamber, after leaving St. George's Hall, and rests upon a dais.

Then, of course, there is the throne occupied by King Edward in the House of Lords when he opens Parliament, and which is familiar to every one of my readers who has visited the Palace of Westminster.

Finally, there is the throne of Edward the Confessor, in which every sovereign who has reigned over England during the last thousand years has been crowned.

With the exception of Queen Victoria, no sovereign has occupied it more than once, namely, on the occasion of the coronation. Queen Victoria sat in it twice—first, when she was crowned, and then on the occasion of that wonderful pageant in Westminster Abbey in celebration of her golden jubilee.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is one of the busiest monarchs of Europe, and is never happier than when attending the affairs of state. Even as a child she was fond of asserting her authority. One day she sent for a certain minister and announced that she had quarreled with and dismissed her governess. The minister gravely asked: "When does your majesty wish her to be beheaded? You know it is the custom in Holland to behead all those who are officially disgraced. It will be necessary for your majesty to be present at the execution, and—"

Here the child queen abruptly left the apartment and the governess was reinstated at once.

"I don't mind telling you," said the pretty girl confidentially, "that I want to take a thorough course in cooking in order to fit myself to be a good wife." "You are doing the right thing, my dear," said the matron in charge of the cooking school. "May I ask how soon you expect to be married?" "How should I know?" rejoined the pretty girl, daintily rolling up her sleeves, "I haven't found the man yet."—Chicago Tribune.

Bad Dick was finding the new boy next door unaccountably peaceable. "You're mamma's pet, ain't yuh?" he said. "Yep. That's me," answered the boy. "Don't dast go 'way from home 'thout askin' her, do yuh?" "Nope." "If I was to tell yuh I could swaller a big red apple 'thout chawin' it youd'd think I was lyin', wouldn't yuh?" "Oh, I don't know." "Well, I kin, darn ye! Take that!" (Biff!)—Chicago Tribune.

"I'm so happy," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "My son is to get his bachelor's degree this year." "Is he?" replied her hostess. "Well, I can't blame you for feelin' as you do about it. I never thought much of that snippy Wilson girl he's been going with. How did you get the match broke off?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Waiter, where's that beefsteak I ordered?"

"Coming in a minute, sir."

"Well, look here; I've got to catch that next train."

"But it will only take you a minute to eat it when it comes."—Translated from Fliegende Blätter.

"I broke a record to-day. Had the last word with a woman." "Didn't think it possible. How'd it happen?" "Why, I said to a woman in the car, 'Madam, have my seat.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Golf as a recreation appeals to practically all ages. Impetuous youth, staid middle age and the man in the evening walk of life alike feel its fascination.—Liverpool Courier.

Butterin—Why have you been studying those rules so hard for the last three days? Fuser—Don't bother me. I'm taking a girl to the game.—Harvard Lampoon.

"Why is Jones growing a beard?" "Oh, I believe his wife made him a present of some ties."—Leslie's Weekly.

The Hunt Dinner

BARONESS BERENICE leaned back in her great armchair, the roomiest and most luxurious in her smoking den. "Y' see, dear," said she, looking through the fragrant mist at her woman friend, under half closed lids, "I've had to come back to town to rest. It's really frantically wearying now to visit in the country. The rage is for some new excitement every day and night!"

We did simply everything at the Manor House. It's had a waking up, that grey old lair, since Molly and her husband were lent it for their honeymoon. When it was offered to Lord Tom he said: "Oh, no! not for me—a grouchy old hole with ivy and small window panes." But Molly thought hard, and suggested what a rum lark it would be to take it for the month and have us all down.

So, after the wedding, we all motored down—twenty of us. The Countess took me and Billy the Goat, (you know, that rich Yankee) and Dr. Goffits, and four other motors came along, and we've had the most wide-awake time. The very last thing we thought of was last week, just before the party disintegrated.

Billy the Goat suggested that we women should each have to find our man for dinner. I am not clear, I know, but it was like this: The men could hide anywhere within the Manor House, and the women must find them, before the second dinner gong sounded. We were all dressed and ready at half past seven, except the Countess, who didn't feel up to the fun. The first call to the hunt was a tallyho horn being blown at the head of the grand stairway. You know that old Manor House is a regular continent, and none of us had even seen the half of it. I found Billy the Goat, just where I expected, sitting in his chair at the dinner table! Wasn't it wise of him? The Seymour twins, who had been harrising Captain De Blaise and poor old Viscount Addeplate in a most unkind manner, had a horrid fall. Captain De Blaise and Lord Addeplate were the two footmen waiting on the table, powder, livery; oh, they were a get-up! The real footmen had been having goodness knows what sort of a time in the dark, in the picture gallery, where they were found by the Seymour twins, hiding in the place of the two much-pursued men. No one found Dr. Goffits at all. It appears that the Countess dressed up as her French maid (They do say she has her so like her on purpose, and that many a time Marie has gone driving in the park in the Countess's bonnet and carriage, while haughty Claribel was out on far other business, but that's only gossip). Anyway, my dear, Claribel dressed in Marie's black frock and cap and apron, and when the search party burst into her room (no doors were allowed to be closed during the search), there was the Countess in a huge pink kimono having her hair dressed by Marie, and Marie was the Countess and the doctor was in the kimono. Wasn't that ripping? He had a wig all brushed down over his face and shoulders, and so the blonde who says he proposed to her, never found him.

But young Swiftensilly was the huge joke. You know, that American woman from the West asked Molly to invite her, and Swiftensilly, and Molly just had to, for the woman is swimming in bullion, and labors under the delusion that she can play bridge. So that woman hunted high and low for Swiftensilly, and where do you think she found him? My dear, in the third housemaid's room, in his pyjamas! The third housemaid gave warning on the spot, said she wouldn't stand crowds of people bursting open her door on her evening off! I think myself she was quite right. They say the Westerner has bought her off and taken little Swiftensilly to Denver.

So, you see, my dear, after all this I felt I must come back to town and rest a bit. Country visits are becoming a real nerve-tester. Must you fly? Well, by-by! Don't forget that the latest shriek in country-house fun is called the "Hunt Dinner!"

PERIPATETICUS.

It is said that 250 shoplifters were caught in Montreal stores last Saturday afternoon and night. Five hundred private detectives watched the departmental and other large stores with the above result. Not one of the 250 were prosecuted. Why? Because, we are told, it is a settled policy with the big drygoods stores of Montreal not to prosecute when they can avoid it. Publicity of the kind entailed in a police court they believe to be harmful to their business. They only prefer charges when some very valuable article is lifted or when some notorious thief is the culprit. In all cases, however, the party detected is usually made to sign a confession of guilt, which is carefully locked away to be used should the party be found stealing a second time.

A LITTLE DIFFERENCE WITH A DAGO

Related by E. D.

AT Rankin Pit (the scene of a recent adventure with a bear) a rather interesting episode occurred a few days ago. It appears when Italians arrive on the work their railway fares thereto are paid by the company engaging them, the amount being subsequently deducted from their pay. Any money which they may have possessed is generally "blown in" in seeing the sights of Toronto and entertaining their friends with ice cream and other delicacies which remind them of their distant homes in Sunny Italy. Last week a batch of workmen arrived at Rankin Pit and on Friday commenced as "Knights of the Shovel." They set to with right good will and apparently illustrated the old adage that "work is a blessing in disguise." The manager, whom we will call Mr. "B," was much pleased with the efforts of the new members of his staff, and smiled complacently as he walked around keeping his eye upon them, and came to the conclusion that the new arrivals truly constituted a "Prize Packet." After an interval of about two hours, however, it was apparent the efforts of the tenderest somewhat lagged—they frequently stopped shoveling and with their hands on the small of their backs brought themselves slowly, and evidently painfully, to an upright position. They would then leisurely roll a cigarette and proceed to put away until yelled at by the Litt-Boss to continue operations. After dinner they held a consultation and the whole twenty-five agreed to quit the job, deputing one of their number, Antonio Criminini, to acquaint the manager of their intentions.

Mr. B. was, at the time, alone in his office, standing with his back to the stove with a smile on his countenance pleasantly musing upon the near approach of the gay and festive season and the thought of, once again, being soon in the bosom of his family, hearing the merry laughter of his little ones around the Christmas tree. His mind was full of benevolent intentions. Only that morning he had received through the mail an appeal from the "Christmas Dinner Fund for the Poor," and had decided to contribute \$5.00 towards the cause—in fact at the very moment he had in his fingers a \$5.00 gold piece, which he was gently pressing his teeth upon, probably to test its genuineness.

Just then his reverie was rudely disturbed by a loud knock on the door. He called out "Come in," and there appeared the spokesman of the newly arrived batch of Italians, Antonio Criminini, with his telescope grip all packed up.

"Well, what do you want?"

"We quit, no like work," was the reply.

Mr. B. stared at the Sunny Southerner aghast.

"All right," he remarked. "I want \$4.50 from each of you, the amount paid for your fares from Toronto here."

"No, no, I no pay, have no money." Taking a step forward the manager seized Tonie's grip and placed it behind his desk. The action angered the Dago, who expostulated with Mr. B. It was, however, useless. He simply said: "When you pay me \$4.50 you can have your grip and go to—Toronto, or even a much warmer place if you like."

The Italian's anger was fast rising, and hastily producing a knife and with a cry of "Bravo, Bravo, Vissimo Caramba!" suddenly made a lunge at Mr. B., who nimbly avoided the in-

tended stab. (During the incident he had not had time to replace the \$5 piece in his pocket, but still retained it in his mouth.) By this time Mr. B.'s anger was aroused, and when he skipped over the stove to evade the blow he espied a heavy pointed poker which he instantly seized to protect himself against the Italian's onslaught, who, observing this, rushed out of the office and down the track. Mr. B. hastily threw off his coat and started in pursuit. The Dago ran well. It was impossible to see his heels for the flying snow, and with the start he got a lead of two hundred yards. Mr. B. made the snow fly too. It was a fine race. After the first mile the distance between pursuer and pursued was lessened by about one hundred yards, both going well. It could be seen by those watching the race that Mr. B. was slowly but surely overtaking his enemy, and at the second mile only a distance of fifty yards separated them. On they went. Soon after the third mile Mr. B. got his second wind and, making a spurt, lessened the space by twenty-five yards. He still grimly ran on. The Dago was slightly slackening his speed but still going well, nevertheless, at the end of another half mile, Mr. B. gradually drew up to the Dago and, coming within a yard, made a mighty swipe at him with the poker, just at the very moment he stumbled over a half driven spike and fell down, missing the Dago. And perhaps had he not done so a more serious result would have ensued. Tonie continued running and by the time Mr. B. had gathered himself up he was out of sight around the curve. So Mr. B. concluded not to continue the chase. The last time Signor Criminini was seen was on the track at Bolton, still running, and if he kept on should, by this time, have arrived at St. John. Mr. B. leisurely walked back to Rankin Pit and on the way he suddenly bethought himself of the \$5 piece. In the excitement of the hunt he had unconsciously swallowed it, consequently when he came to balance his cash he was \$5 cut and yet \$5 in. However, he does not consider the amount lost, as he knows where it is yet cannot get at it. He found the dissatisfied Dagoes had returned to work and does not anticipate further trouble, but one of them during the race had quietly stolen his coat. The missing Dago's grip was, up to yesterday, inside the office, to-day it is outside. In addition to Signor Criminini's somewhat faded wardrobe, it contained five pounds of Macaroni and a piece of Limburger cheese, consequently, having lain near the stove for a day or two, the odor was not that of the lily.

She—I think, if I ever killed a man, his face would haunt me as long as I lived.

He—Well, even so, ma'am, I'd rather have him haunt me than have to start in hauntin' him.—Puck.



She—I think, if I ever killed a man, his face would haunt me as long as I lived.

He—Well, even so, ma'am, I'd rather have him haunt me than have to start in hauntin' him!

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE

is the sign of a good dinner, whether in hotel or cafe. Those who serve the best, naturally have Lea & Perrins—the original and genuine Worcestershire.

THE youngest son of the late Admiral Sir George Seymour, General Lord William Frederick Seymour, who was granted the courtesy title as the youngest brother of the fifth Marquess of Hertford, celebrated, on Sunday, his entrance into his seventieth year. He has always been one of the fighting Seymours, both on land and on sea; he saw service in the Baltic with the navy, and went thence to the Coldstream Guards, with whom he fought in the Crimea. He served in Canada and Egypt, and was major-general in command of the South-Eastern District from 1891 to 1896, and Lieutenant of the Tower from 1902 to 1905. He married a daughter of the first Lord Penrhyn, and lives quietly in retirement down at Liss.

Tom Watson advocates the immediate issue of \$100,000,000 in greenbacks to tide over the financial stringency. Tom always did believe in the power of the printing press.—The Chicago Daily News.

Cradle, Altar and The Tomb BIRTHS.

LINDSAY—At Collingwood, Dec. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Lindsay, a daughter.

CHAMP—In New York, Dec. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Oliver Champ, a daughter.

McNEIL—In Toronto, Dec. 29, the wife of J. Alex. McNeil, of a son. HUTCHINSON—In Toronto, Dec. 30, the wife of Fredrick W. Hutchinson, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, of a daughter.

MacNAIR—In Toronto, Dec. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. G. B. MacNair, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ROBSON-CORNOCK—At Trinity church, St. Thomas, Ont., on Dec. 23, 1907, by Archdeacon Hill, Mildred J. Cornock to Albert Homer Robson, of Toronto.

MITCHELL-DEWAR—At Milton, Dec. 26, Nellie Grant Dewar, to Matthew Elliott Mitchell, of Toronto.

MEYER-MORPHY — In Toronto, Jan. 1, Ruth Marion, daughter of the late Henry B. Morphy, barrister-at-law, to George William Meyer.

PARMENTER-HARGRAFT — At Winnipeg, Dec. 26, Alice, daughter of Mr. A. R. Hargraft, to Reginald Holland Parmenter, of Toronto.

REITHMEIER-STOWE — In Toronto, Dec. 26, Emily Wray Stowe, to Alex. Reithmeier, M.A., of Buffalo.

STEWART-WILL — In Toronto, Alice A. Will, B.A., daughter of Rev. P. D. Will, to Mr. Herbert Holden Stewart, M.E., of Rossland, B. C.

FITZGERALD-YOUNG—At "Algonquin Lodge," Bradford, Ont., Dec. 25, Florence Ferrier, daughter of Rev. E. R. Young, to Rev. A. Boylan Fitzgerald, of Newark, N. J.

CHASE-RISK—At "The Firs," Galt, Dec. 27, Mrs. Margaret G. Risk, to Geo. A. Chase, B.A., Toronto.

BURGES-McILROY — In Toronto, Dec. 28, Gertrude Ellen, daughter of Thos. McIlroy, Esq., to Richard Urquhart Burges, M.D., of Norfolk, Virginia.

DEATHS.

STEPHENSON—In Toronto, Dec. 25, Lionel McDonald Stephenson, aged 53.

SOMERVILLE—In New York, Dec. 24, Claude, son of Robt. P. Somerville, and grandson of Rev. Dr. Somerville, of Toronto.

MEREDITH—At London, Ont., Dec. 24, Isabella Magdalene, daughter of the late John C. Meredith, Esq.

McLEOD—At Brantford, Ont., Dec. 28, John N. McLeod, in his 44th year.

BUTTON—At his residence, St. Clair Farm, Markham township, on Jan. 1, 1908, Lieut-Col. W. M. Button, in his 92nd year.

FLETCHER—In Toronto, Jan. 1, Rebecca Ida Good, widow of the late James Fletcher.

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PARKHURST—At the General Hospital, Toronto, Dec. 30, Henry Parkhurst, aged 56 years.

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Society at the Capital

CHRISTMAS festivities followed one another in such quick succession last week that they were rather difficult to keep track of, and those who have come home to spend the holiday season have been and are being royally entertained at dances and dinners galore. Besides smaller gatherings too numerous to allow of mention two brilliant and most delightfully carried out functions were given on the 26th and 27th December. The first, a dance at which Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Woods entertained, was given in their handsomely equipped and recently renovated residence, "Kildare House," in Chapel street, which, on the occasion, presented a brilliant scene with its generous Christmas decorations of holly, mistletoe, bright scarlet poinsettias and potted flowers of every description. Everything was so perfectly arranged that one hardly realized that about three hundred guests were present. The larger number of these were the younger set,

folk have been eagerly looking forward for some time past, came off on Friday night, when Mrs. Fred Carling's fancy dress ball, given in honor of her only daughter, Miss Gladys Carling's debut, proved to be the ne plus ultra of the many delightful affairs that the Racquet Court has ever held within its walls. Its novelty alone was one of its greatest attractions and a prettier sight than that which met the eye on Friday night cannot be imagined. The hall was even more effectively decorated than usual on such occasions, which is saying a great deal. The ceiling was draped in bright bunting, with festoons of evergreens, as well as the walls with their scarlet dados, and Christmas decorations were in evidence on all sides. Rose colored lights on the electroliers were a great improvement and shed a soft, becoming light over the pretty picture, in which Santa Claus, Buster Browns, gay Cavaliers, dignified queens, Indians, shepherdesses, bright pierrots and pierrettes, etc., etc., intermingled and fraternized. It would be difficult indeed to individualize the various well-conceived costumes, even if sufficient space were available, but among some of the most unique and much admired were: Miss Gladys Hanbury

What Constitutes a Good Man

A Symposium by an Archbishop, a Prime Minister, a Novelist, a Professor of Sociology, and a Financier.

AN archbishop, a Japanese prime minister, an eminent English novelist, a professor of sociology in an American state university, and the author of the now famous series of articles of "Frenzied Finance" were recently invited by the editor of Everybody's Magazine to formulate an answer to the question, "What Constitutes a Good Man?" Their responses are instructive, and may be said to reflect the prevailing ethical temper of our times. It is significant that, with the exception of the archbishop, all the contributors to the symposium lay their chief stress on conduct rather than upon theological belief or observance, and that a man's "goodness" is felt to be supremely tested by his attitude toward industrial life.

The first answer recorded, that of Archbishop Ireland, lays down the law of love for God and for man, in its broadest sense, as the source of all virtues, but makes no attempt to apply this law to the peculiar problem of our age. General Count Tara Katsura, Prime Minister of Japan, indulges in the generalization: "He is of the highest type of good man who subordinates himself to the good of society, and, never departing from the principle, spends his life in constant and ceaseless exertion for the attainment of his ideal." But here again there is a lack of definiteness.

H. G. Wells, the English novelist, clears the way for a consideration of twentieth century "goodness" by making us feel the inadequacy of present standards. The commonly accepted pattern of a good man, in Mr. Wells' definition, is a "clean and able-bodied person, truthful to the extent that he does not tell lies, temperate so far as abstinence is concerned, honest without pedantry, and active in his own affairs, steadfastly law-abiding and respectful to custom and usage—the aloof from the tumult of politics, brave but not adventurous, punctual in some form of religious exercise, devoted to his wife and children, and kind without extravagance to all men." Now "everyone feels," says Mr. Wells, "that something more is wanted and something different; most people are a little interested in what that difference can be; and it is a business that much of what is more than trivial in our art, our literature, and our drama must do, to fill in bit by bit and shade by shade the subtle permanent detail of the answer." He goes on to say:

"To describe that ideal modern citizen now is at best to make a guess and a suggestion as to what must be built in reality by the efforts of a thousand minds. But he will be a very different creature from that indifferent, well-behaved business man who passes for a good citizen to-day. . . . Essentially he will be aristocratic; aristocratic not in the sense that he has slaves or class inferiors, because probably he will have nothing of the sort, but aristocratic in the sense that he will feel that the state belongs to him and he to the state. . . . "He will be good to his wife and children as he will be good to his friends, but he will be no partisan for wife and family against the common welfare. His solicitude will be for the welfare of all the children of the

community; he will have got beyond blind instinct, he will have the intelligence to understand that almost any child in the world may have as large a share as his own offspring in the parentage of his great-great-grandchildren. His wife he will treat as his equal—he will not be 'kind' to her, but fair and frank and loving, as one equal should be with another.

"Consciously and deliberately the good citizen will seek beauty in himself and in his way of living. He will be temperate rather than harshly abstinent, and he will keep himself fit and in training as an elementary duty. . . .

"And—I speak of the ideal common citizen—he will be a student and a philosopher. To understand will be one of his necessary duties. His mind, like his body, will be fit and well clothed."

Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, in giving a composite of his ideal, has trained himself to be strikingly epigrammatic, which somewhat spoils what he has to say; but some of his epigrams are very good. For example:

"No good man ever gets his gambling and his business money tangled, or his Bible and his card-case mixed, or ever drops an unredeemed poker-chip into the contribution box."

"A good man carries no brass drum to church, and burns no candles trying to rewrite the Ten Commandments."

"A good man can swim the Styx if he misses the ferry."

Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, whose new book on industrial ethics has been highly praised, declares, in his contribution to the symposium, that "the beginning of goodness is to stand on one's own feet." This requires moral stamina "now that there are so many new ways of being a parasite." The really good man, thinks Professor Ross, ought to be a pioneer in morality, not merely a follower along beaten tracks. Above all, if he is an intelligent man, he will strike at the roots of evil, not merely at its superficial manifestations.

It was at the instance of Queen Alexandra that Miss Florence Nightingale was decorated with the English Order of Merit, the statutes of which had to be modified by King Edward in order to admit of her appointment to this highly prized distinction, and the part which the Queen played in the affair was emphasized by the fact that her own birthday was selected as the most suitable date for the bestowal of the honor.

Next to Florence Nightingale, says an English correspondent, there is no one in the United Kingdom who has done more to promote the profession of nursing the sick and the wounded than Queen Alexandra, and to her is mainly due the establishment of the

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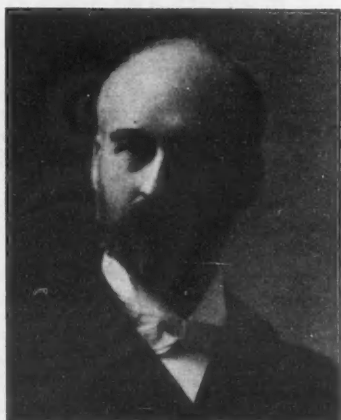
MR. JOSEPH OLIVER

ELECTED MAYOR OF TORONTO FOR 1908, WITH A VERY LARGE MAJORITY, IN A FIELD OF FIVE CANDIDATES, MR. REGINALD GEARY COMING IN SECOND, DR. W. BEATTIE NESBITT THIRD, MR. JAMES SIMPSON FOURTH, AND MR. MILES VOKES FIFTH.

who especially enjoyed the dance, as there has been a dearth recently of this livelier form of amusement in the capital. The suite of rooms on the ground floor, the drawing room, music room and dining room, which open into one another, were used for dancing and the orchestra occupied a small palm room near by. Upstairs a large room had been arranged with card tables, where those who had passed the dancing age could enjoy a quiet game of bridge or a chat without interruption. At midnight the billiard room downstairs was the general rendezvous, where a most sumptuous feast, including all the old time Christmas edibles, boar's head, etc., etc., was very much enjoyed, there being ample space, with the addition of an adjoining large room, for everyone to "sup" comfortably ensconced at small tables with waiters galore to fetch and carry. The decorations here were carried out in Christmas effect, red roses and red-shaded candelabra adding a cosy air to the brilliant scene. The charming hostess looked exceedingly well in a handsome gown of pale blue satin, trimmed with exquisite lace, and her ornaments were pearls, including a beautiful necklace. She carried a bouquet of violets. Dancing was kept up until an early morning hour. This successful dance was given particularly for Mr. Pat Edwards, Mrs. Woods' brother, and his friend, Mr. Dey Finnie, who came from Winnipeg to spend Christmastide with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Finnie, of Chapel street. The latter were among a number who gave bright little dinners immediately prior to the dance, and their guests included about twenty of the brightest girls and their gallant attendants. Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander C. Hill and Col. and Mrs. Irwin also gave jolly dinners on the same evening, the different parties of guests going on in each case to Mrs. Woods' dance.

An event to which all the young

Williams, who was a dainty Forget-me-not, in pale blue with myriads of the sweet flowers scattered over her gown; Miss Pauline Lemoine, who made a very handsome Punchinello, in white satin and black velvet, with an extremely smart tri-cornered chapeau of black velvet; Miss Maud Borbridge, who represented Minnehaha and wore one of the most effective and striking costumes in the room, it being made of white kid elaborately embroidered in rich colored silks and bright beads. Miss Hilda Murphy as a daisy, Miss Nahni Power as Queen Louise of Prussia, in yellow satin and pale blue velvet; Miss Claire Oliver as Little Bo-Peep, Miss Annie McDougall as a milkmaid and Miss Mildred Kittson as Pierrette were all singularly attractive. Mr. "Tim" O'Brien created much amusement in his costume of a sweet little miss of the period in short pink frock and ribbons and wearing a wreath of roses in his fair locks. Mr. Ainslie Greene and Mr. Charlie MacLaren made a pair of very winning Buster Browns and each carried a miniature "Tige." Lord Lascelles was a very captivating gentleman of the 18th century, a costume much in favor among the sterner sex on this occasion. The majority of the married people contented themselves with a simple "poudre" style of costume and most of the men did not venture further than simply powdering their hair and wearing colored lapels on their evening coats. Mrs. Carling made a perfect representation of an old-time miniature in a gown of ivory satin draped over a jupe of blue brocade, her hair pouf with two ringlets hanging over her shoulder. Miss Carling made a very patriotic Young Canada in a costume of white silk trimmed with many small Union Jacks and the two young sons of the house, in war-paint and feathers made excellent Indians. A most delicious supper, with every conceivable dainty on the menu, was much appreciated at midnight and dancing was kept up until 3 a.m., when the ball was



MR. H. C. HOCKEN

RE-ELECTED CONTROLLER IN TORONTO ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, BY THE LARGEST VOTE EVER POLLED BY A CANDIDATE IN THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS. MR. HOCKEN IS A JOURNALIST, EDITOR OF THE ORANGE SENTINEL.

brought to a close with the graceful dance of olden days, Sir Roger de Coverley. Mrs. Carling is to be congratulated on having given one of the most thoroughly enjoyable treats of the season and one which will long be remembered by all those who participated in its joys.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, Dec. 30, 1907.

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It is to her, too, that the nurses owe vast improvement of their status, and their increased prestige, while the pension funds and analogous schemes which she has founded for their welfare are innumerable.

It is not generally known that Miss Nightingale was known in her girlhood by a different name. Originally her patronymic was Shore, which she bore until after she had attained womanhood. Her father was William Shore, and it was only on inheriting the estate of Lee Hurst, that beautiful place in Derbyshire, from his uncle, Peter Nightingale, that he, in accordance with his relative's will, assumed the name and the armorial bearings of the testator.

A suburban minister, during his discourse one Sabbath morning, said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawn mower about his garden and paused to say: "Well, parson I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."—The Standard.

First Burglar—What's that?

Second Burglar—That's my sample case. Ye see, I've just become a house to house canvasser.

First Burglar—What are ye sellin'?

Second Burglar—Oil to keep doors from squeakin'. Great scheme, ain't it.—London Telegraph.

"Jimmie," said the merchant, solemnly at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten to get a fresh supply of stamps."

And the office boy, in his excitement, responded with: "Goodness, sir, so we have! If we ain't a couple of blunder-headed idiots!"—Tit Bits.

A fond grandfather and father were admiring the new baby.

Fond Grandfather—I declare! That youngster is a great deal more intelligent than you were at his age.

Insulted Parent—Naturally, he has a great deal brighter father!—Life.

Instructor in Public Speaking—What is the matter with you, Mr. Brown? Can't you speak any louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!—Sacred Heart Review.

Anecdotes by the Duke of Argyll

Interesting Reminiscences found in "Passages from the Past," by this distinguished Peer and Former Governor-General.

"AT a party at Stafford House," writes the Duke of Argyll, in his book, "Passages from the Past." "Wellington and his great opponent, Soult, were both present. The Duke of Sutherland, the owner of Stafford House, had some fine pictures by Murillo, which had been sold at Paris and purchased by him. The two finest of these pictures, if not all of them, were part of the loot Soult had taken from Madrid, 'The Reception of the Angels by Abraham' and 'The Prodigal Son,'—both magnificent pictures—were placed in the gallery at Stafford House. Wellington himself showed Soult his one-time spoil."

Here is a delightful story the Duke tells of the father of the hero of the Indian Mutiny, Lord Clyde: "Yet another ancient warrior was often seen in my people's houses. This was Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. He always considered himself to be my father's clansman, although his father's name was MacLiver, a man of the Island of Mull, where in a village called Bunessan, his father lived to see his son famous. 'I want to ask a favor of you, Mr. Campbell, he said one day to the local factor. 'Yes, MacLiver, what can I do for you?' 'Well, it's just this,' said the old man, 'I hear that Colin is soon coming back from India now that the mutineers are all beaten by the boy, and Colin, when he was here—as he will maybe be again here soon—will be after doing what he liked doing at home. He was aye fond, Mr. Campbell, of shooting the hoodie craws along the shore, and I want you to lend me a gun to give Colin to shoot craws along the shore.' 'Certainly, Mr. MacLiver; if Lord Clyde will honor me by accepting a gun from me, I shall be too happy to accommodate him.'"

It is amusing to find Queen Victoria's son-in-law recording this conversation with Tennyson: "He was glad to hear that the Queen liked his new volume. 'Well,' he said in his sonorous, slow, musical bass voice, 'I have given a good account of her in that volume; but the newspapers don't like my rhymes—say they are bad. I live in terror of any of the Queen's family marrying and of hearing from her that she hopes I will write something. I have no news of that kind yet, but I live in terror of it.' This with a solemn sly wink."

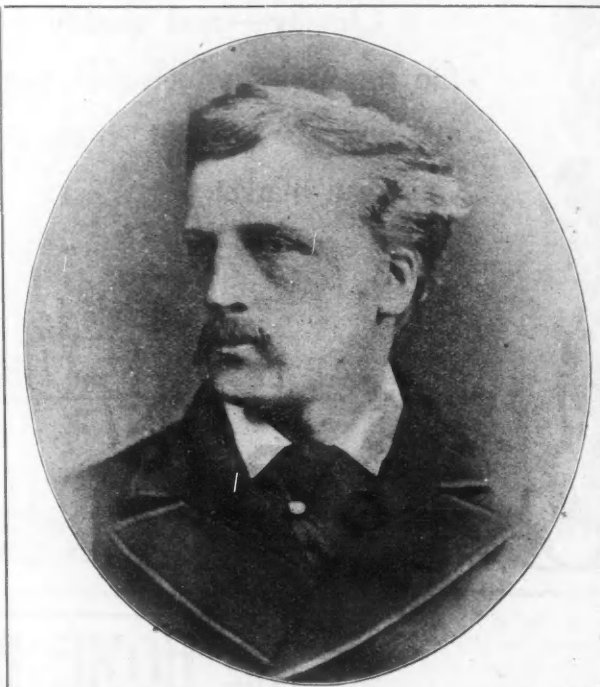
The Duke refers to Tennyson and Longfellow, and the interest and admiration shown by each in the other's work: "Longfellow," he writes, "came out of a side room and welcomed us warmly, and I was much pleased with a commission he gave me almost as soon as we sat down. Going to a drawer and opening it he brought out a fine Indian peace pipe of the famous redstone, which is much like the Rosso Antico marble of Italy. It is shaped a little in the form of a tomahawk, and ornamented with some rough inlaid steel or iron-work. The whole is polished. This pipe he asked me to give Tennyson with his 'love and admiration,' saying he had never seen him personally, but knew him from his works. I told him I should make a special pilgrimage to Freshwater to give it to Tennyson in person. Tennyson liked the American poet's works, and greatly valued his pipe, which he kept beside him in his study to the last."

"We went to see the Queen," says the Duke in his account of his Eton days. "She was in the long corridor upstairs. There was a lady with her. She was very kind to us and laughed a good deal at what we said. She asked me what form I was in, and she then asked Archie. Archie answered, 'Nonsense, ma'am.' She looked astonished, and said, 'What do you say?' However, Archie's brother came to his rescue, and explained that Archie was in the Lower School, where 'Nonsense' is the name of the form, because the boys there had to do nonsense Latin verses in order to learn thereby the due number of feet in each verse."

"I remember a Highland drover," said Professor Veitch to the Duke, "who lived in a parish near Cape Wrath. This man died, leaving a widow and two daughters, who lived in a lonely house on a moor by the side of a high road. Well, about one month after the death of the drover, his widow was sitting alone by the fireside, when her husband, or his wraith, walked in. The apparition went round the room, but spoke never a word, and then disappeared. He showed himself soon again; but not this time to the widow, but to his daughters, the

youngest of whom was dreadfully alarmed, the shock telling severely on her health. The visits were repeated for some time thereafter to both daughters and widow, till the mind of the younger girl seemed to be getting quite unhinged by the terror she felt each time her father's wraith became visible to her. She was removed to a farm house in the neighborhood, and while she remained there the drover never appeared to her, although he visited several times the widow who remained at the cottage. After a time, when the girl seemed to have recovered from her fright, she said she wished to return to her mother, and was allowed to do so. No sooner had she come than the visits of her father were repeated, and the girl was so much alarmed that she persuaded her mother to remove from the place and to remain at Loch—, where I saw her, and heard the strange account of the drover's apparition from her brother."

Professor Sharp, says the Duke, capped Professor Veitch's story by the following tale of the ghost of a love-



The Duke of Argyll

From a photograph taken when, as Marquis of Lorne, he was Governor-General of Canada.

lorn lass which, while she was still very much in the flesh, haunted the irresponsible object of her adoration: "A curious story I heard from the man to whom it happened, and whose tale was corroborated by several persons I knew. The man was driving home late one night in a light gig, and had to cross a hilly tract of moorland. He had accomplished more than half the journey, and was slowly ascending a steep hill, when all of a sudden the horse started and broke away up the hill at full gallop. The man wondered what on earth was the matter, as no horse could possibly, of his own accord, wish to gallop at such a pace up such a hill. On tore the horse, and the man, looking back, saw close behind him a black something, —a dark figure, which seemed to be rapidly overtaking him. Faster yet flew the gig, up the steep slope, but still faster the pursuing shadow glided and was soon close behind the driver—then came alongside—and then, putting one foot on the step was mounting up—when the man fainted. He remembered nothing more till he was brought back to consciousness by his friends who had found him in a death-like swoon at the bottom of the gig, when the horse, breathless and foaming, had cantered up to the door of the stable. The explanation the good people of Moida gave of the affair was that a certain damsel, being passionately in love with the man—who, by the way, did not fancy her at all—had caused her wraith to appear to him."

"Speak to me," she pleaded, and looked into his deep brown eyes. "Speak to me," she repeated and stroked his soft curly hair. And this he could not resist. "Bow wow," he said.—The Princeton Review.

Miffkins—It is said that aggressive, impulsive people usually have black eyes.

Biffkins—That's right. If they haven't got them at first they get them later.—Chicago News.

He—Are you a vegetarian?
She—Oh, no; I love good beef!
He—Ah! I wish I were a beef!
She—Well, I like veal, also.—The United Presbyterian.

A little boy from the Far South visiting in Chicago, on seeing the first snow-storm exclaimed, "O mamma, it's raining breakfast food!"—Chicago Tribune.

Vital Problems of Industrial Life

THE TECHNICAL EXPERT

By J. K. TURNER

THE normally constituted man does not accept things as he finds them merely because they are so, but prefers to use his God-given intellect to investigate them for himself and form his own conclusions of the causes that produced the effects confronting him. This is especially true of the young man who follows the study of technology in which study proper, as in its precursors, nothing can be taken for granted, but every step must be attained by carefully worked out and proven process of logic and mathematic, fashioned to withstand the closest scrutiny!

On this continent we are now passing through an extremely critical period. This is a fact which is only too apparent on every hand. Many reasons have been advanced as to the

supposed cause of the effect from which we are suffering to-day. They cover a wide range, and, in the majority of cases, are ably presented and convincingly put.

What is perhaps the most scholarly exposition, logically set forth and clothed in language simple and effective, hitting the nail squarely on the head, is the book of James Roscoe Day, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of Syracuse University, "The Raid on Prosperity." I mention this book merely because in my extensive researches into our economic conditions, undertaken to ascertain the true causes of our present national indisposition and to discover a lasting cure, I have found nothing that so straightforwardly points out the evil and suggests the remedy.

One of the chief causes that contribute to a weakening of our stability is the growing influx of our farming population into our cities. They are attracted thither by the high wages paid labor that is frequently out of all proportion to the actual work performed. This state of affairs is brought about by labor unions who, although numbering scarcely two million out of a total of thirty million workers, are nevertheless arrogating to themselves the right to dictate and force terms. America's land, soil, coal and oil regions, rivers and plains, are to-day as rich in yield as ever; but because of the rapidly decreasing population of our rural sections, which correspondingly increases the crowded conditions in our cities, they can not be exploited to full advantage.

Two things are vitally essential: First. The unreasonable encroachments of unionism must be checked. This can be done by education alone, and right here is a magnificent opportunity afforded the technologist in his shop work, where he mingles with the men, to point out to them by word and deed the error of their attitude which eventually injures them more than any one else. Because of the technologist's higher education, it is his duty to assume leadership among men who are misdirected by false teachers, but who lack sufficient initiative and a leader to return to the paths of American common sense.

Second. Ways and Means must be found and exploited to repopulate our rural sections as fast as possible. One of the greatest means toward that end are our rapidly increasing interurban systems, and instead of opposing them, or demanding unreasonable concessions, our city councils, legislatures, and other bodies legislative should do



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everything in their power to further the spreading of traction systems that will bind city and country closer together. Then there are many things that the farmer does not possess, but that are common property in the city where they make life more pleasant. It is the technologist's further duty to assist to the best of his ability in devising and constructing labor saving machinery and appliances that will rob life on the farm of many of its still existing unpleasant features. Thus, finally, the farmer will enjoy practically all of the comforts of the city, be within easy reach of the town, and yet live upon the farm, in the free, open air, and till the soil upon which depends the lives and sustenance of the man who lives in the city. This will also result in a changed tide, from the city countryward and lessen the number of farms that are deserted because of lack of hands to operate them.

Ellen (the nurse, to little girl of six, who is supposed to have an afternoon sleep every day)—Nancy, you are a naughty little girl not to have gone to sleep this afternoon!
Nancy (reproachfully)—Ellen! Ellen! Don't you remember the three times you looked over the screen and I was fast asleep?—Punch.

Mr. Carnegie says a man's usefulness is just beginning at the age of seventy. There are plenty of workmen who would be glad if their employers would look at the matter in the same light.—Washington Post.

Sweetheart.

SWEETHEART, I am coming where you sing beneath the rose
In Arcady, the beautiful, the fair;
The lights are out in Athens and the play has reached its close,
The wine is very bitter flowing there!
Sweetheart, I am coming from the battle and the blight
To Arcady, the quiet and the sweet;
The temples are abhorrent and the city moans at night,
And hearts are burned to cinders in its heat!
Sweetheart, I am coming to the valleys of our rest
In Arcady, the garden of the gleam;
The stones are sharp in Athens and the arrows pierce the breast,
And fame is but a shadow in a dream!
Sweetheart, I am coming to the sunshine of your face,
The song of heart's delight and heart's refrain,
The simple, quiet spirit of the way-side charm and grace,
With love within a cottage in the lane!

Sweetheart, I have listened to the siren voice full long,
The false, the fickle music of the crowd;
The trumpets die in echo and the hills forget their song,
And Athens is so busy being proud!
Sweetheart, I am weary of the hollow, insincere,

Selfish and self-seeking heart of man;
I'm coming back to Arcady, to Arcady the dear,
Beside the reedy river and the perished pipes of Pan!

Sweetheart, I am coming where you sit with tender trust
In Arcady, the bloomy and the bright,
To purge my heart of vanity and cleanse my soul of dust
And leave the lurid Athens to its night!
Sweetheart, I am coming where you wait and are content,
To seek the dewy fountains of the dawn,
And change this garb of conquest for the white habiliment
That they who go to Arcady put on!

Sweetheart, it won't matter to the temples or the town,
And Athens will go onward just the same
When I go forth to greet you where the roses flutter down
Beyond the bitter, burning brand of flame,
But, ah, the all-revealing, unconcealing sweet of it
In Arcady together, in the gleam,
Beside the quiet porches in our youth—returned to sit,
Blow the bubble, build the castle, dream the dream!
—Folger McKinsey in the Baltimore Sun.